JOHN BULL, week ending August 26, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI 1993

3D EVERY THURSDAY

RENT ROBBERY by The EDITOR

FLY BOMBS! FREE INSURANCE FOR EVERY READER

CLOSING IN by A.E.G.

There is always someone
fiercely reminding
those who fight
–though not in words–
"Do not relax!"
That someone
is the enemy.
And that message
is also for us in Britain.
It is stern reality
that says SALUTE
THE FIGHTING FORCES
with more
and yet more saving!-

Issued by the National Savings Committee

My goodness-

There's nothing like
a Guinness when
you're tired

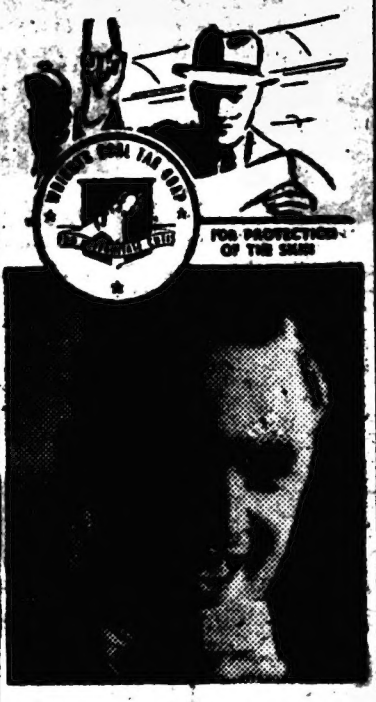
G.E.1221.C

ABBEY NATIONAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

To combine the technical efficiency and trustworthiness of a great institution, with personal attention to individual needs, is our aim. The measure of our success is suggested by our 400,000 investors and 130,000 borrowers.

HEAD OFFICE: ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER ST., LONDON, N.W.1
Chief City Office: National House, Moorgate, London, E.C.2



In the interests of National Health

always wash your hands before meals with

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

1 tablet – 1 coupon

FOOD FACTS

You'll say this is the most delicious salad you've ever tasted

Cole Slaw

HOW TO MAKE IT

If you've never tasted Cole Slaw, you've a treat in store! It's one of the most popular salads in the United States, and housewives in this country are now, realizing how delicious it is.

Cole Slaw is made from the heart of cabbage. (The outer leaves can be used for cooking or stock.) Wash the cabbage heart in cold salted water, shake out the water, then quarter and shred finely with a sharp knife.

Now mix the shredded cabbage with dressing. This should be made first and allowed to cool. Serve the cabbage as soon as possible after shredding.

For the dressing you need: 1 oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; ½ pint milk or vegetable water; 2 teasps. sugar; 1 teasp. made mustard; ½ teasp. salt; pepper; 3 tablesps. vinegar.

Melt margarine in pan, stir in flour. Remove from heat and gradually beat in the milk. Bring to the boil and stir till the mixture thickens. Add sugar, salt, pepper and mustard. Remove from heat and stir in vinegar, adding a little at a time till completely blended.

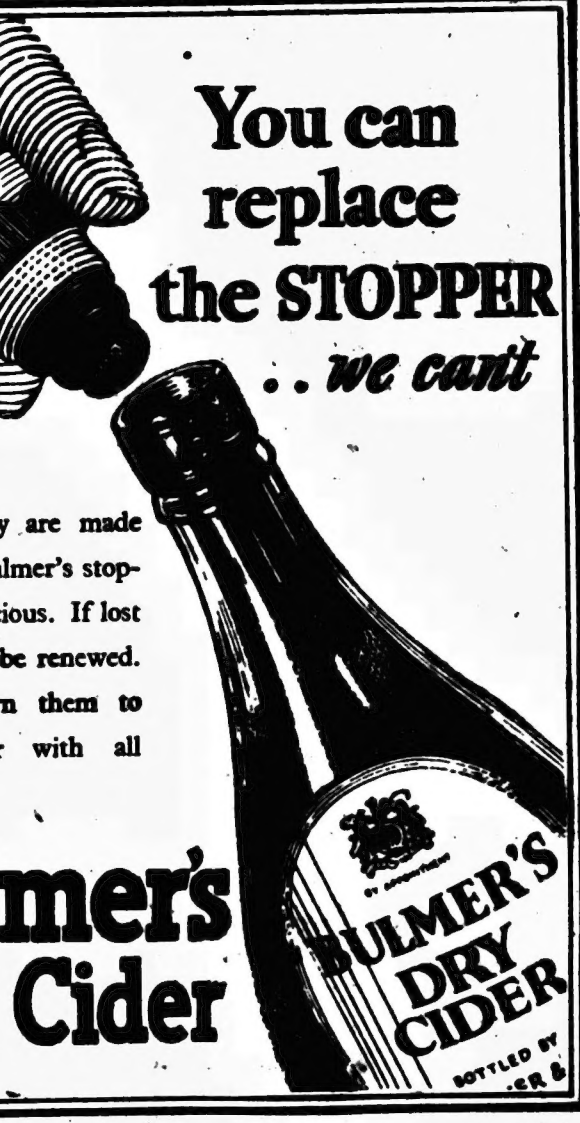
Add sufficient of the dressing to the prepared cabbage to moisten well and mix thoroughly. Serve—and be ready for a shower of compliments!

Remember, cabbage is one of the richest sources of Vitamin C—the same vitamin as in fresh fruit. And raw cabbage is better than cooked, because the vitamins get reduced by cooking. Cabbage is ten times richer in Vitamin C than lettuce.

A salad a day, don't forget, takes the place of fresh fruit.

Listen to the Kitchen Front on Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri. at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 215



You can replace the STOPPER .. we can't

Because they are made of rubber Bulmer's stoppers are precious. If lost they cannot be renewed. Please return them to your dealer with all "empties."

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER AND CO. LTD. HEREFORD

regd 611A

DIPHTHERIA IS DEADLY-

Give your child the safeguard medical science now offers. Immunisation is safe and simple. It gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. The best time is just before the first birthday; but every child under 15 ought to be immunised. Protection takes three months to develop, so get your child treated now, ready for the dangerous winter months. Immunisation is free—apply to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre.

IMMUNISATION

—THE PROVED SAFEGUARD

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

F2/8

"FOUR SQUARE for me

because it is pure tobacco without any artificial flavouring. Remember, too, that it's a favourite with the Forces and that you can send it at Duty Free rates to men serving overseas."

FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

JOHN BULL
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 26, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

WHEELING FULL CIRCLE

Straight from the Shoulder

EISENHOWER'S strategy is daringly simple.

He draws a circle of steel and fire round the enemy. o enclose the forces that manage escape before the first circle can completed he at once spins a cond and larger one.

peed Record

General Patton's tanks form the uthern arc of this threat to Von luge's retreat. Hurtling like a thunder- lt through the broad meadows and ajestic forests, their speed is without ecedent in all military history. And there should be better to come.

nfantry Screen

For hitherto Patton's pace has been gulated by the need of an infantry reen to protect his flank. That need is not so vital now that ere are operations farther south to tract the enemy's attention.

nemy Strength

There, General Wilson's strategy con- nts Von Blaskowitz with the fate of n Kluge. And Von Blaskowitz has a ch smaller force at his disposal. In area of our landings, for example, has perhaps four divisions. e has no armour worth the name. has no aircraft worth discussion; so American bombers are able to drop antastic average of seventy tons of mbs on each enemy gunsite without erference. And there are the Maquis disrupt his communications.

ur Aim

hese circles, north and south, will ntually overlap. But Paris will not the focal point. Our main object is l the destruction of the German y, not to push it back to Germany lf.

here were hopes that this might e been accomplished by one encircle- nt. They were too sanguine. But method is sound and can be re- ated; with every repetition the my's strength is gravely whittled n.

tting Behind

nd the drive on Paris—one of the at achievements of the war—opens and breath-taking possibilities. Not only can Von Kluge's battered enth Army be crushed to final inction against the northern length the Seine. General Patton has the nce to sweep across the Seine in the ntainebleau area and take the rman Fifteenth Army in the rear. hat army is deployed in the Pas de ais—to guard flying-bomb and rocket allations.

rst Victory

ews from Italy is significant. The riots have launched their first full- e operation.

They have attacked behind the German lines near Pisa. Their losses have been heavy. None the less, they have scored a real victory. And the nearer Alexander approaches the industrial cities in the north, the more he can count on the active assistance of Italian democrats.

Plot Fails

Last week there was a plot to destroy democracy in the provinces he has liberated. Right Wing and Monarchist groups attempted to elbow Prime Minister Bonomi out of office.

They have failed. Badoglio must be content to be a passenger in the Government, not the Premier.

But we must expect similar last kicks from the effete Old Guard in other countries about to be liberated. Even in France.

Fifth Front

Mr. Churchill's talks with Tito and Alexander prompt the German guess that the next Allied circle will be drawn on the Dalmatian coast.

That is an indication of the enemy's fear. For northern Yugoslavia would be a useful jumping-off ground to the "soft" land of Austria—which is Germany's back door.

Two Bridges

In Russia there is still bitter fighting for two areas that the Red Army describe as "bridges into Western Europe"—the Polish districts around Warka and Baronov.

Marshal Rokossovsky, after losing some ground, is poised for the assault on Warsaw. Marshal Koniev claims to have destroyed 140,000 Germans in a month. Generals Yeremenko and Bagramyan have enveloped the enemy in Latvia and Estonia; Cherniakhovsky's teeth have bitten deep into Lithuania.

But, on the whole, the Eastern Front has been comparatively peaceful of late.

About to Strike

Have our Allies overrun their supplies? Are they waiting for us to halve the distance between Montgomery and Berlin?

Not so. Behind the apparent lull is intense activity to prepare for the next advance of a hundred miles or so!

Cribbing Our Style

Enemy technicians, too, have not been idle. They have adopted our methods in some directions that cannot safely be specified. They have shown impressive ingenuity in making the work of our bombers more difficult.

We should be as unwise to underrate their resourcefulness as to discount the fanatical fighting qualities of the Nazi youths at Falaise.

Overdue

To the offices of JOHN BULL has come a procession of old people, bombed-out by V1, asking us how they can reach the quiet safety of the country. We can only say that their removal should already have been arranged by the Government. And that goes for all old people, bombed-out or not, the sick, and others who should not be subjected to Hitler's prolonged spite against London.

They shouldn't be made to wait until V2 arrives in Whitehall.

Civil Defence

On the other hand, there are areas now safe from enemy attack where defence precautions can be relaxed. Some towns are already reducing their full-time warden staffs; and surely the Home Guard organisation could be modified.

A clear-cut decision should be reached and applied generally and quickly in all safe areas. Why continue to waste man-power?

Revenge

To complete the full circle of war zones, look to the Far East. Our invasion fleets there have had a quiet fortnight. And that bodes ill for the Japanese.

Not only the enemy but the Americans hint that the Philippines may soon be stormed. And if General MacArthur can achieve the task he has set his heart upon the mainland of Japan will no longer be secure.

The Oaks

In the United States this week Allied representatives are looking still further ahead: to security measures that will keep the world at peace when the war is won.

Sir Alexander Cadogan, the British delegate, is optimistic of reaching an agreement. He is not an ostrich but a cool and highly experienced diplomat; his confidence is no doubt based on something more substantial than a bed of sand.

But we must recognise that the conference starts with an important difference of opinion.

Four-Power Plan

The Americans are startled by the reported Russian objections to an "all-nation League."

He'll speak for Britain at this week's conference on the future of the world — Sir Alexander Cadogan

Stalin argues that power should be vested only in the "Big Four"—Britain, the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and China. He is opposed to an international military force; each of the Big Four would deal with any aggression in its own area. But he favours the creation of an international air force.

Germany's Future

On the other hand, there is said to be general agreement on the immediate future of Germany.

She will not be broken up into separate States, but will be put under complete military occupation by the Allies. Her arms and chemical factories will be destroyed. Her heavy industries will be rigidly supervised. She will be forbidden to make any aircraft.

And she will have to send labour battalions to Russia.

Portal Rejected

To millions of Britons, decent housing will be another essential ingredient of the peace. And the shipbuilders' union is the latest to echo JOHN BULL's angry criticism of Government "complacency" regarding the problem.

To us, anger seems both justified and necessary. Because it is unfortunately clear that only the public's anger will stir our Ministers to revise their wretchedly inadequate proposals.

Incidentally, Manchester's housing committee has rejected the Portal house. What Manchester thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow.

Twenty-one Months

In the near future, moreover, the Government may actually issue its ideas on the Beveridge Scheme.

So it is said. But we had better not bank on that.

For, of course, Sir William sent his Report to Whitehall only twenty-one months ago!

(Continued overleaf)

"THIS, THE SECOND BATTLE OF BRITAIN, IS . . . DIRECTED AT THE CIVILIAN POPULATION" — *Brigadier B. C. Cooke, A.A. Command.*

JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Guards, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

Registered readers are automatically qualified for the full range of benefits. You need not re-register unless you change your address or newsagent. Readers who have not yet registered can obtain registration forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—*Continued from preceding page*

EARLIER this year, when victory still seemed far away, JOHN BULL gave a good deal of space to a problem aggravated by the war, but nothing to do with the fighting.

Our Special Commissioner examined the conditions in which children have to live when their parents turn them over to charitable or Government institutions.

He had a sad story to tell. A story of little children becoming "inmates" in the worst sense of the word. Of harsh discipline, of an almost complete absence of kindliness and understanding.

Overworked, Underpaid

And so it began. A letter appeared in *The Times* from Lady Allen of Hurtwood. It was a fine letter pointing out that in most "homes" the staffs were overworked, underpaid and untrained. It demanded a public inquiry.

Readers of *The Times* took up the matter enthusiastically. But a few complacent and ignorant fools thought the whole thing was exaggerated.

"Like Dickens"

Perhaps they'll change their tune in the light of what came out last week in the case of the Bradford Social Welfare Institution. One leader-writer's comment deserves quotation: "Dickens in his workhouse descriptions scarcely equalled this picture of pale, listless, half-naked little children, seated on bare wooden forms, while half a pound of mince was divided among 29 of them."

THAT IS THE SORT OF THING LADY ALLEN OF HURTWOOD WANTS TO STOP. CAN A FULL INQUIRY BE ANY LONGER DELAYED?

Off the List

An allegation has lately come to JOHN BULL that a soldier has been discharged from a military hospital while still suffering from leprosy. It's pointed out that leprosy is not a "notifiable" disease. Measles, scarlet fever—they have to be notified, but not leprosy.

"No Danger"

The Ministry of Health is happy about the rather startling anomaly. It says that the man would not have been discharged if he'd been dangerous to others—and "all practicable steps are taken" to deal with the disease. There's a request that leprosy shouldn't be given publicity just now when troops are returning from abroad; the idea is that relatives may be unreasonably worried.

Are They Right?

Everyone should have a great respect for the Ministry of Health's preventive measures. The way the tiny smallpox outbreak was tackled early this year was a model of efficiency.

So perhaps we should accept the Ministry's attitude to leprosy; strange as it seems.

Plea for Mothers

The Minister of Health says he is giving *urgent* attention to a complaint from Redditch. It's to be hoped he is not using the word in the Government sense—maybe this year, maybe next.

Redditch has one maternity home and that can accommodate only two mothers at a time. Already several babies have been born in ambulances taking women to maternity homes outside the area. Before the war, about twenty thousand people lived in Redditch; now the population is much higher.

Motherhood, as we hint on page 6, is hardly a pampered occupation.

Chance—or a Hint?

Is it just chance that out of twenty tramps accommodated in casual wards in Northumberland during the June quarter, five were ex-Servicemen?

Is it chance or a sad portent of things to come?

Haphazard

A lane runs between two villages somewhere in the South Midlands. On one side is a golf course; on the other, cultivated land.

A string of ammunition dumps has been erected alongside the lane. Which side? On the farmland, of course. Just chance again?

The Long Trek

Perhaps it won't be long now before we can see petrol wasted without caring over much. That time hasn't come yet. . . .

At a Lancashire garage the men wonder if they're the only repair shop between Scotland and the fighting line. Military vehicles are constantly being towed in from areas south of London. One came from Bournemouth the other day.

Standing Firm

When the Army moves its officers go with it. But Civil Defence appears to be a cut above that. From many depots in the North Midlands the men have been shifted, but the officers remain. Why should they be immune from active service elsewhere? At one depot six officers can be seen on duty. The men muster two. And they are kept on only for station cleaning.

Sacked

On this page the other week there was a paragraph about Civil Defence men who had put in a report to the London Regional Commissioner because they thought red tape had hampered rescue work in which they were concerned. An enquiry has been held and two of the rescue party leaders have been dismissed as a disciplinary measure.

Their efficiency is not questioned in any way, but apparently the official view is that complaints should go through "recognised channels."

Small Thanks

A reader happened to be on the scene before any of the authorities when a flying-bomb fell not long ago. He and one or two friends climbed to an upper storey and rescued a man of eighty. They were trying to extricate another casualty when they heard a loudspeaker—from the police who'd just turned up—ordering them off, "so that the Civil Defence could get on with the job."

After some hours the Home Guard had to be called in to help, and girls wearing print dresses were asked to join in the clearing up.

Smart Work at Euston

An American pilot-officer was seeing a friend off to Scotland. The train at Euston was packed, but a porter said he could find a seat. He unlocked a carriage in which an elderly lady sat alone. And demanded (and got) 30s. for his service.

It came out later that the elderly lady had tipped the porter 2s.

Making Them Pay

The Americans are generous folk. Which makes it all the more criminal to rob them. At a grocer's shop in Dorset the price of a bottle of whisky to Americans is £4 5s.

And in a public-house less than five minutes' walk from this office £24 was taken from an American last week for six bottles of nameless whisky.

First in the Field

AN HISTORIC SHEET OF SILK

THE group gathered about the huge sheet of silk was cosmopolitan in character. Muslims were among them. Nestorians and Persians, and followers of Manichaeism, who had journeyed to China to learn more of this great empire and its ways.

As they bent reverently over the silk, reading on it the printed words concerning political and domestic events, another group stood proudly to one side—the men who had composed its contents.

These men were the leading bureaucrats of the day, who had passed with honours the civil service examinations at the Han Lin academy, and were looked upon as of great learning.

All these people had, of course, seen the printed word before. There was, for instance, the famous book printed by Wang Chieh, who had distributed free copies of it to perpetuate the memory of his parents.

And, of course, there was the printed paper money that was current during that period.

But this—this great sheet of silk—was something different. It related details of current events. It contained news.

And subsequent sheets of silk would contain later news.

Its appearance was one of the great events of the renowned period of the T'ang Dynasty, when China was the strongest and largest empire on earth.

And its date-line marked a day and month and year more than one thousand years distant from these times!

It was the world's first newspaper.

P. S.

It's up to them to do their share in their temporary home

No Wonder They Are Angry!

● **Cases of selfishness and meanness among people who've taken in evacuees have had the full glare of publicity. Little has been said about the colossal impudence of some of the evacuees.**

This impudence will wreck the Government's careful arrangements unless it's checked. It's time mothers who've gone to safety realised they're not on extended holidays-with-pay.

A Leeds householder who had taken in two mothers and five young children got home from her war job the other night to find none of the washing-up had been touched. One of the mothers shouted downstairs, "You haven't made my bed yet."

★ ★ ★

Another evacuee announced that she'd decided to take a job for six weeks. In the meantime, she told her hostess, "You can look after the child. That's what you're paid for."

A Yorkshireman took three children from the flying-bomb area. Soon afterwards the mother offered to come, too, to look after her own children—for fifty shillings a week.

Other war hosts and hostesses have their troubles even when mothers do not arrive with their children. They have to try to soothe youngsters who are left without any word of what's happening at home. Naturally, the children feel neglected and it doesn't make the task of their temporary "parents" easier.

★ ★ ★

Already the authorities have had to ask mothers and fathers to write more often to their kiddies.

No wonder people in the North are angry. As householders, they have been told what they should do to make evacuation work. Evacuees should also be given some idea of their responsibilities in billets.

Mothers who think the few shillings billeting allowance relieves them of all domestic work and makes them "guests of the King" ought to be quickly disillusioned. And if some of them won't learn, it might not be a bad idea if they became "guests of the King"—for a stretch. The whole evacuation scheme should not be thrown into disrepute by a few idlers.

RENT ROBBERY

● In spite of public protest and Press appeals, no strong action has been taken to protect the community against rent profiteers.

If Ali Baba were to go hunting for accommodation with the buzz-bomb refugees he would find, as they are finding, that a well-lined purse is the only "open sesame" to any moderately comfortable place to live in.

He would find, not forty, but forty thousand and more moral thieves turning empty garages, condemned cottages and pitifully furnished rooms into treasure caves—for themselves.

In short, he would discover the great rent ramp which JOHN BULL has been denouncing for the past two years.

There are, of course, a great many property owners and householders who are behaving decently and charging fair prices.

But there are far too many others who are squeezing all they dare to squeeze out of their fellow-citizens in distress!

Some of them say they can scarcely be blamed for "making hay while the sun shines."

We say—and the courts uphold our view when they have the chance to do so—that to take advantage of the homeless is profiteering in one of its meanest forms.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

We have repeatedly urged the Government to use its ample powers to stop this national scandal.

We have asked the Ministry of Health to open its eyes to facts and its ears to the complaints of the exploited.

But officialdom remained blind and deaf. The only action it took was evasive!

Not so many months ago the Ministry "had no evidence of widespread profiteering"; then, under pressure, it admitted receipt of nearly 12,000 complaints.

And it is worth noting that, during the last nine-monthly period for which statistics are available, local authorities have received 6,625 complaints of excessive rents, as against 4,028 in the previous period.

If these figures do not suggest "widespread" profiteering, we should like to know what would.

The bureaucrats protest that the public can defend itself. They explain complacently that posters have been issued, advising aggrieved citizens to seek the help of the courts against "extortionate" landlords.

But, as JOHN BULL pointed out last April, thousands have never seen these precious posters. In any case, the average citizen is loth to "risk uncertain legal action with the possible loss of the temporary accommodation obtained even at an 'extortionate' price."

Moreover, nobody knows just what the word "extortionate" means; even the courts vary greatly in their interpretation of it.

Above all, it is not fair or reasonable to expect the public to choose between victimisation and uncertain legal redress.

The State has protected the citizen against other forms of profiteering. It could and should protect him against the greedy landlord.

The Ministry of Health's present excuse for inaction is that it is awaiting the report of the Rent Control Committee headed by Lord Ridley.

But this Report is not likely to be issued for another two or three months. And who knows how long it will have to be "considered" before it is acted upon?

The war in Europe will probably have ended meanwhile—and the housing shortage will be more desperate than ever.

We are disgusted by official apathy to this national scandal.

We are tired of reminding the Government that the public is being bled by profiteers *now*, and will continue to be bled until words give way to deeds.

There *is* a remedy. It could be applied promptly and easily.

Scotland has set England and Wales the right example. Some six months ago it set up local tribunals with power to review rentals in their areas and to approve or reduce them.

So, north of the Border, there is no shilly-shallying nonsense about "extortion." The would-be profiteer in Scotland knows that he will be "for it" if he exceeds a definite standard.

When he lets furnished premises he must not add more than 50 per cent. for furnishing, plus 10 per cent. for agents' fees, to the normal unfurnished rentals.

It is urgently necessary to set up local rent tribunals in England and Wales on the Scottish models, giving them equal powers and equally clear standards of judgment.

True, Leeds Corporation was recently empowered by the Ministry of Health to requisition certain premises adjudged to have been let at an extortionate rent.

But in that instance tenants had been given seven days' notice to quit after they had complained. For once the Ministry had to make a quick decision—and no similar speed of action can be expected elsewhere except in special circumstances.

This is not good enough. What the public needs is easy access to tribunals which will decide individual cases quickly and on the spot.

Their very existence would deter the majority of would-be profiteers, and they would soon compel the hardier money-snatchers to disgorge their loot.

Certainly, the scandalously high prices asked for furnished premises to-day form only one part of the great housing problem, which cannot be completely solved except by national action in conformity with an enlightened land policy.

But that affords no excuse to the Ministry of Health for failure to do at once what *can* be done to save a homeless multitude from cruel exploitation.

Will Hitler Fight to the Death?

Von Kluge has a problem

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT does not think that the Germans will make a last-ditch stand around Berlin.

It is the German's character, he adds, to throw up the sponge when it is clear that Germany is in danger of being overrun.

But is it Hitler's character? There are many people who believe that he, with the leading Nazi thugs, who know they are condemned to death anyway, will fight to the end—perhaps round Berchtesgaden itself.

I disagree. I have been studying Hitler's methods for twenty years, and I know that this is not his way.

The Nazi way, yes. I think it is quite possible that Nazi and S.S. Black Guard units will take to guerilla warfare when the real German Army is defeated.

★ ★ ★

But Hitler! At the outbreak of war he swore not to take off his soldier's tunic until victory was secured—"or I shall not survive the issue."

That hinted at suicide in the event of defeat. He has repeated the hint. Those who often threaten suicide, however, never commit it.

There is another possibility. His life may yet be ended by an assassin's hand. Though there does not seem much chance of another "revolt" at the moment, the situation may change rapidly.

Or he may be captured, as the Nazis rescued Mussolini from the air.

Who knows? The Allied plans may include a similar but greater coup.

A fifth possibility has been discussed—a romantic notion that Hitler will go into hiding for ten or twenty years, then to emerge again as the "saviour" of a new warlike Germany.

To me, that is sheer nonsense. But there is a sixth alternative that I find the most in keeping with his mental make-up.

★ ★ ★

He who orders his generals to fight to the last moment, who thus was responsible for the terrific event of Stalingrad, who has thus presented Von Kluge with an insoluble problem in France—this man will not himself prove a hero in the final hour.

I believe he will simply try to run away.

When he swears he will not capitulate he means exactly what he says. He will regard his "destiny" as an excuse for flight—if only to "fight on" from somewhere safer than Germany.

Long-range aircraft could carry him to Japan. A long-range submarine might slip through the blockade. If only for a few months, Hitler will try to save his miserable life.

But it could only be for a few months!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Twenty Rules for Wiltshire Police

Sir Hoel Llewellyn is an old soldier—in the old sense of the phrase.

He even fought in the first and second Matabele wars, and fought very gallantly. Between 1888 and 1918 he won the D.S.O., was recommended for the V.C., and mentioned in despatches nine times.

Now he is Chief Constable of Wiltshire. And many ordinary constables in Wiltshire must wish he was not.

★ ★ ★

For this old-style colonel has just issued twenty rules to every police station in the county.

They order that all policemen and policewomen must salute all officers of the Fighting Forces as well as justices of the peace, and, of course, their own officers.

They must do so whether driving or walking.

If in plain clothes, they must touch their caps or doff their hats as ancient rustic worthies used to greet their squire.

Quite a typical rule, and which could not be better phrased by any parade ground disciplinarian, is this one:

"When a constable passes anybody entitled to a salute he will salute on the third pace before reaching him, and will not lower his right hand until three paces after passing him, making the salute to last for six paces."

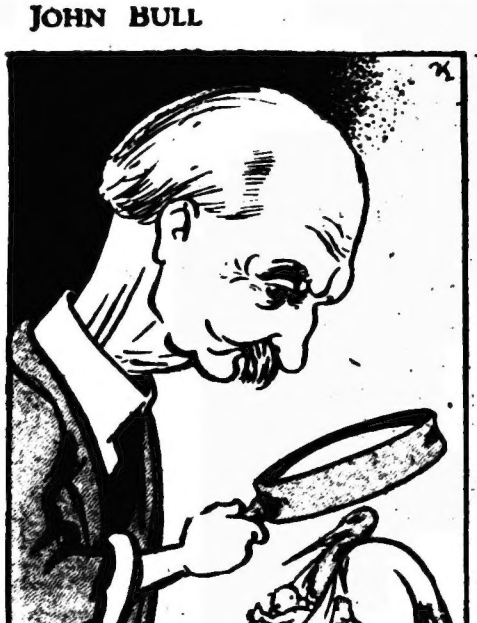
Respect for uniform worn in the King's service is, of course, a necessary factor in Service life. And that respect is usually shown by policemen, willingly and voluntarily, to high officers in the Fighting Forces.

★ ★ ★

But if all officers in any Service are to be compulsorily saluted by every policeman they pass, the whole business of saluting will quickly become a farce. In some parts of London, for example, the policeman's hand would have to pop up and down all day like a jack-in-a-box.

So we may hope that Sir Hoel's twenty rules will not become the rule for other police areas.

J. E. T.



The stork surprises Sir Leonard Hill

Professor Sir LEONARD E. HILL,

Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks

DEAR SIR LEONARD,—Birth-rate figures, the highest for 18 years, present a pretty and debatable picture. I agree with you that they are surprising, because, as you point out, the Government has done so little to encourage larger families.

To-day, it seems to me, everything is against motherhood. Apart from the hazards and uncertainties of war, there are social, or anti-social, factors which should make Britain's mothers shun like the plague the responsibility of bearing children, especially those women who are already facing other problems.

The difficulty in getting maternity beds grows more acute as the war's demands on our hospitals increase.

Our mothers and babies have never had the best advice and medical service that can be provided.

For months I have been campaigning on their behalf and I have given consistent support to the proposal to establish a National Maternity Service. That service would reduce to a minimum the risk of child bearing, take care of the pre-natal and post-natal health of mothers and assure babies of a healthy start in life.

There is also a crying need for family allowances and an urgent case for reducing in every way the high cost of parenthood.

Despite these handicaps our mothers are going in for larger families. I don't blame them. A woman without children is a thwarted, immature being. Yet I would welcome any concerted move by any progressive body to bring forward a really constructive Family and Motherhood Charter. Any plans, Sir Leonard?—JOHN BULL.

Who'd Be Tidy?

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

RHODA was annoyed because the garden rake was not in its usual place. "My father's so untidy," she said. "He never puts a thing back."

I suggested that as her father was the one who used the rake most he had the right to leave it where he liked. And I lectured her on the curse of being tidy.

The upshot was that I had a bet with Rhoda. I wagered sixpence that her father would know where he had left the rake. The challenge was accepted.

★ ★ ★

I won the bet. Father did know where the rake was, and he directed us to a hedge at the bottom of the garden.

Tidiness is a curse when it becomes an obsession. It keeps its victims always on the fidget, always longing to dust, to clean, to rearrange, to shift, to put things at correct angles, and to make other people's lives a misery.

The ultra-tidy being is an incredible and monstrous bore. Her life—for rarely do men fall victims to this pernicious habit—is a burden. She is constantly rebuking others, either silently in resentful "tidying up," or vociferously with a far from tidy tongue.

I am not tidy. Nor am I unduly untidy. I usually clean my razor, wipe down the hand-basin after shaving, fold my bath towel, and put away my clothes. I have a habit of leaving books and magazines strewn about the house, and I'm afraid I'm not too particular where my cigarette ash falls.

I should imagine that a man bitten by the tidiness bug is an even more unbearable creature than a woman. Some fussy old bachelors, whose rooms look as though they are never lived in, are a disgrace to their sex.

★ ★ ★

And any woman worth her salt will confess that there is something lovable in the untidy ways of the average man. Untidiness is a sign of boyishness of heart; it indicates irresponsible youth and keeps a woman alive with the protective maternal complex.

Ladies, beware of a tidy man. And, you men, shun the ultra tidy woman as you would the plague. For there is no peace in a house where she dwells.

OPEN LETTERS

Major JESSON,

Lancashire County Council

DEAR MAJOR,—Your grasp on the needs and outlook of your county is prodigious. Blackpool is asking for 5,000 acres in Lancashire for a £10,000,000 airport scheme. This, you say, is for the benefit not of Blackpool but of a London syndicate, and you asked the County Council to give no encouragement to these persons from London.

This attitude is indefensible. Lancashire must surely benefit if a huge airport, facilitating freight and passenger traffic, is built on her soil. Surely it doesn't matter whose money is behind the project.

Still, I'll let that pass. What concerns and amazes me is your comment on other aspects of the proposed airport. As a representative on the council from Lytham St. Annes, that nearly exclusive seaside resort, you are reported to have said: "If the scheme is allowed to go through Lytham St. Annes will be reduced to a strip on the east shore and itself will, I suppose, become the home of the aerodrome mechanics."

How intolerable this state of affairs would be! I can imagine the delicate and sensitive residents of your snobbish resort waving scented handkerchiefs to counter the stink of oily overalls and lowering their scandalised eyes at the sight of men returning home in working clothes.

May I remind you that this is the year 1944; that men are fighting in their millions for tolerance and decency—decency not only in conditions of living, but decency of mind

I thought, wrongly of course, that the knowledge of what the workers have done to save towns like yours from the incursions of war had stilled that snobbery which disgraced, at one time, the more well-to-do areas of Britain.

I hope your stand against the airport fails. And if I know anything of Lancashire gumption, it will.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. CONSTANCE ROBERTS,

Psychiatrist, Norwich

DEAR DR. ROBERTS,—So much has been said and written in recent months about juvenile delinquency that I often wonder just what practical expression all this talk will take.

Norwich set up a panel, of which you were a member to consider and report on this pressing problem. The findings are interesting. It is proposed that each local authority should have a Social Science Department, whose task it would be to educate children with anti-social tendencies.

It is suggested that there should be "healthy entertainment" to counteract the influence of cocktail bars, dance halls and cinemas, and that British Restaurants should become social clubs for young people.

I agree with you that the report is a valuable contribution towards solving the problem of the awkward child.

But I would suggest that the "medicine" prescribed is more likely to prove a palliative than a cure.

Home environment, or lack of it, has more to do with the moulding of "bad" boys and girls than any other factor. Neglectful, selfish parents send their children adrift. That "can't be bothered with kids" attitude does infinite harm; makes children feel unwanted; and denies them that love and attention which are their right.

Give the young offenders your "medicine" by all means. But seek out first the root cause of why they need it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON,

Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—May I draw your attention to the report by the Haldane Society on police methods of questioning?

Its author, a prominent English solicitor, alleges that a modified form of third degree is commonly used by the police in this country.

Constant repetition of questions put by police officers to people "under duress" in the atmosphere of a prison cell, is the charge made by the author.

I cannot assume that the allegations are either true or untrue. But I feel that this report will arouse suspicion and fear in many minds—not for the first time—that our wonderful police are not so wonderful as they are made out to be.

In the interests of justice and fair play a full inquiry by your department is essential.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER,

Minister of Education

DEAR MR. BUTLER,—The New Education Act ushered in the New Era for our school children. The school-leaving age was to be raised to 15 next April. Now you intend to postpone this step for a year.

Your reasons are primarily shortage of teachers and lack of schools. They are sound reasons with which no one will quarrel.

But those reasons were in existence when you arranged for the change to come into operation next year. Why, then, did you announce the date, and why have you changed your mind?

"The more things change, the more it is the same thing." Lead them up the garden, feed them with hope. They'll soon forget. Perhaps.

But the nation's becoming more like the elephant every day. And the old old, "this year, next year, sometime never" is wearing thin.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor R. L. PEREGRINE,

Cardigan Town Council

DEAR SIR,—These Home Guard fellows are really getting beyond the pale. They even decided to hold a bombing exercise at a West Wales seaside resort. On a Sunday, too. And they even were so vain and so bold as to invite the public to attend.

Your righteous wrath was levelled against these presumptuous fellows who have dared to devote their leisure to the art of learning how to defend their native land.

From three points of view, you said the exercise was undesirable—(1) Sunday observance; (2) non-essential character of the exercise; (3) difficulties of transport.

Please note (1) that Sunday is the one day of the week when the Home Guard can muster in strength; (2) that no H.G. exercise is non-essential; and (3) transport difficulties are for the H.G. to tackle and overcome and are not concern of a twopenny-ha'penny council which butts in where it has no right to.

Wales, and its fighting sons, has indeed a champion in you. That your council upheld your views and decided to protest against the holding of the exercise, shows just what splendid intelligent fellows you are. Let's drop the war on Sundays, eh?—JOHN BULL.

Armies Rise Behind Barbed Wire

These Books Make News **By VINCENT BROME**

Reduced to near slaves in 1940, French prisoners will surely hear that their countrymen are marching towards the Rhine

THE atmosphere of the grey huddle of the barracks that morning was tense.

For countless days 406 men had lived within those walls, with one tap and no soap and a minimum of food.

But there was tension in the camp this morning. The Hundeführer Corporal Bergmann had paid them a visit.

Corporal Bergmann, five feet three and almost illiterate, came from a small Bavarian village and spoke its patois. He was the complete Nazi and in many of his mannerisms attempted to imitate the Leader.

He came this morning with one of the dogs. They were great, baying hounds, capable of tearing a man to pieces. He came and ordered the man who had shaken his blankets outside the barrack door to step forward. Nobody moved.

"Filthy French swine. . . . If the pig who did it doesn't show himself I'll let the dog loose and take the first one he bites. . . . I'll count three. . . . One. . . . Two. . . ."

There was complete silence. The Hundeführer bent to release the dog. A sudden stiffening movement went through the prisoners. They were not vigorous, healthy men. They were French prisoners of war reduced to near slavery by the Germans. They were half starved. They were without much hope. . . .

"I shook the blanket."

A tall, pale Frenchman stepped forward to within a yard of the half-mad dog and looked straight at Bergmann.

The German was confused.

Then he blundered into words. Mixed, threatening words.

Vandamme, the Frenchman, stood his ground and kept his eyes steadily on Bergmann. Soon the Corporal had blustered himself into a fury, but for some reason it did not as usual give him back his confidence.

Bergmann, the complete Aryan, confronted by a "sub-man" taller than himself, and perfectly controlled, found the "sub-man" still in charge of the situation.

There was only one way left of really asserting himself. And in a final froth of rage he brought the riding crop down across Vandamme's face. The Frenchman did not move. The German struck again. Still no movement. After the third blow an uncanny thing happened.

It was as if Bergmann suddenly staggered back under the impact of his own whip. For Vandamme still had not moved—and still dominated the situation. Then, at last, Corporal Bergmann hurried away. He might almost have fled.

Change of Heart?

That strange episode was the beginning of a drama inside the heart of the German Reich to-day which throws some quite new light on the temper of the German people.

Some weeks back there was a revolt in the high places. Himmler took control of the Army.

But what of the low places, of the rank and file Germans themselves?

Some of them are still Corporal Bergmanns without doubt. Are there others, ordinary men and women, who still think in very human terms?

Hear the rest of the strange story which Robert Guerlain tells in his book, *A Prisoner in Germany*, just published by *Macmillan* at 7*s.* 6*d.*, and judge for yourself. It is a fully authenticated story written in quiet, convincing English.

Guerlain was himself one of the million French prisoners still held by the Germans. They are unlike any other prisoners of war. They are hostages for the good behaviour of France. They have been reduced to near slaves. . . .

The affair of Corporal Bergmann did not go unobserved. Instead, Herr Weberstedt, Unteroffizier in charge of barrack No. 39, took a hand. He had seen the great weals left by the whip and he asked to see Vandamme. He also asked for an interpreter.

Friendly Prison Officer

They talked for a while. Then Weberstedt suddenly pulled a paper bag from his pocket. . . . "Tell him it's for him," he said. "It's from my wife."

The paper bag was full of sweets, many-coloured sweets stuck together by the heat of Weberstedt's pocket. There was something horribly incongruous about the two things—the weals and the bag of sweets. Vandamme hesitated.

Weberstedt said, through the interpreter, "I complained to the disciplinary officer. The regulation forbids the striking of prisoners. . . ."

He stopped there. But Vandamme had an idea that there was something else he wanted to add.

A moment later he jabbed the words at the interpreter. "Do you think I am any better off than you? We're all prisoners, you, your friends and I and all the others. . . ."

Impassively the interpreter translated the words. Vandamme suddenly took Weberstedt's absurd present and put it in his pocket. That seemed to release a flood of words from the German. . . .

"I was in the last war—look." He showed several scars. "And what thanks did I get? Five years of unemployment.

"I'm old now and they put me here, but my oldest boy is in France, the second in Norway and the third in the Labour Corps. . . . And that's been going on for years.

"War! It's always the same—and it's always the same people who profit."

He broke off abruptly, and took out his watch. "I have to go now—eat the drops."

Robert Guerlain, in his deeply interesting book, ends this chapter with a perfect phrase. . . . "Turning on his heel, he started out, his gait resembling a sick penguin."

There it was, brutality beside humanity.

Draw what conclusion you will.

No Escape

Guerlain draws his own.

But there are other, more immediate things, about these prisoners which may soon draw the attention of the world. Within the frontiers of the German Reich a great ghost army lies behind its miles of barbed wire. . . .

Prisoners of war in their millions. Their fate will be decided very soon now.

They have their own secret sources of news. And some have plans.

Thousands of French prisoners of war were reduced to a state bordering on slavery in the early stages of their captivity. Then their morale slowly recovered. To-day they are waiting, patiently, aggressively.

On November 7, 1918, the guards were being changed at a prison camp in Germany, men were goose stepping, rigid discipline prevailed. On the morning of November 8 every German in the camp melted away. The prisoners awoke to barbed wire, abandoned guns and silence. Not even a police dog bayed. . .

But this time. . . .

Robert Guerlain believes that the sentries will not get away so quietly this time. The French, and the Polish and the Russian prisoners have another rôle to play.

Guerlain ends his absorbing book: "Behind barbed wire in Germany armies are rising. Armies of men to whom years of slavery have taught the price of liberty. . .

"More than in all their millions, more than in their being within the enemy citadel, the might of these new armies lies in the moral driving force that urges them into being. . . ."

Good Companions Fly Together

The big transport touched down on the U.S. airfield after its 3,000-mile trip from Britain, and when it slowed to a standstill passengers and crew tumbled out.

Leading them was a jet-black cocker spaniel on a lead, looking round as if wondering where he had landed now.

Not that Flak, the spaniel, wasn't used to aerodromes. He had spent nearly the whole of his nine months' life on aerodromes. But this was a new one. Perhaps they were taking him to his master, who had so unaccountably failed to put in an appearance now for days. . . .

They were not taking Flak to his companion, for Sergeant Robert K. Bell, of the U.S.A.A.F., died when his bomber crashed after a raid on enemy territory. Flak's place in that 'plane, amongst those A1 priority passengers, was due to a request by Sergt. Bell's sister in Indiana that they might have the spaniel that had been the hero of every letter the airman had written back home.

★ ★ ★

General Arnold knows just what these dogs mean to the airmen. An airfield with plenty of pups around is a contented one.

There's something about the unashamedly sentimental welcome the dogs give returning airmen that makes them forget what they've been through, forget that to-morrow there will be another mission.

No one knows just how many dogs are unofficially on the strength of the U.S.A.A.F. But it must run into hundreds. Every stray dog in Britain seems to have discovered that good rations and an unlimited amount of patting and fun is to be found in the shadow of those giant bombers.

Salvo made six parachute jumps before he was reported missing

Recently one of the most famous of them was reported missing. He was Salvo, a smooth-haired terrier who always went up in his 'plane. He had done 500 hours' flying and made six parachute jumps in the miniature parachute, tested for 25 lb., made for him by Lt. Fletcher, his owner. Now the aircraft is missing.

Salvo is by no means the only "parapup." There is Lucky, for instance, mascot of a Fortress crew operating from the Midlands. He has a parachute, oxygen mask and wool-lined jacket in case he has to bale out. He has already made a test jump from 1,500 ft.

These dog parachutes are operated by static line

All the dogs that go up in the bombers have oxygen masks. Recently the oxygen mask was put to a new use for Smokey, the Alsatian puppy that is mascot of a Canadian Typhoon unit.

★ ★ ★

Smokey got pneumonia in a Normandy airfield. There was no vet., but the airmen knew a few breaths of oxygen were good for pneumonia and fixed up the mask.

The names of these pups are as varied as their pedigrees. Some have blue blood in their veins. Others—well, shall we say the airmen don't give a cuss who their parents were descended from? Prop, Slipstream, Recon, Steelwool—most of the pups have names connected with the temporary occupation of their owners.

And their owners have a wonderful fund of stories about them. About how the pup knows his master's plane even when it's only a speck in the sky coming in to land.

About how a search party looking for a crashed 'plane some miles from the aerodrome found its pilot's pup already there, having found it in half the time required by professionals with a car.

About the airman who was swimming in the Channel and found there wasn't room in the dinghy for both himself and his dog, so that he put his dog aboard and went on swimming. About but you know the kind of stories dog owners tell.

CURTISS HAMILTON.

Swaffer Talking

HOW do the pre-war pacifists stand to-day?

I ask because Maude Royden, preaching a Sunday night sermon broadcast from a B.B.C. studio, did not in any one syllable express views of the kind that, at the time of the beginning of the war between Japan and China, made her and Dick Sheppard say they would go out and stand between the opposing armies.

When, a few months ago, I told the Archbishop of Canterbury that Dick's former rectory, which is almost next door to my flat, had just been turned into a war-time club, and added, "What would Dick say about that?" the Primate replied, "He wouldn't be able to keep out of *this* war."

PACIFISTS STILL

Middleton Murry and Laurence Housman are still active members of the Peace Pledge Union. So is the Rev. Donald Soper, minister of the Central Hall in Kingsway—there he has found that his anti-war views have kept away former attenders whose sons have been killed—and the most intelligent, frank and amusing of the Christian advocates in Hyde Park.

Vera Brittain, author of "Testament of Youth," devotes herself chiefly to anti-hatred causes. But she issues, periodically, a "Letter to Peace-Lovers."

I applaud their sincerity. I deplore their lack of understanding that you cannot make peace with gangsters.

What would they have done with the Al Capone mob?

L. G. IN A FILM

The banning of the film 'Wilson" in American camps—the authorities feared it might influence soldiers' votes in the November elections!—was as ludicrous as the attempt to stop them from reading British newspapers, for fear they won't be pro-Roosevelt.

After seeing some of the talkie stills, I can only say that Alexander Knox, in the title rôle, is as nearly as much like the Fourteen Points as President Wilson.

Geraldine Fitzgerald, an English girl, who appears as the second Mrs. Wilson, is not enough like a Roman Empress.

As for the Lloyd George in the Peace Conference scenes—Clifford Brooke plays the part—he might do for a snuffy suburbanite of the lower middle class. Farmer George of Churt will guffaw, if he ever sees himself, and say, "I did not know I was Crippen's double!"

The Clemenceau of Marcel Dalio is the member of the Big Four most like the original.

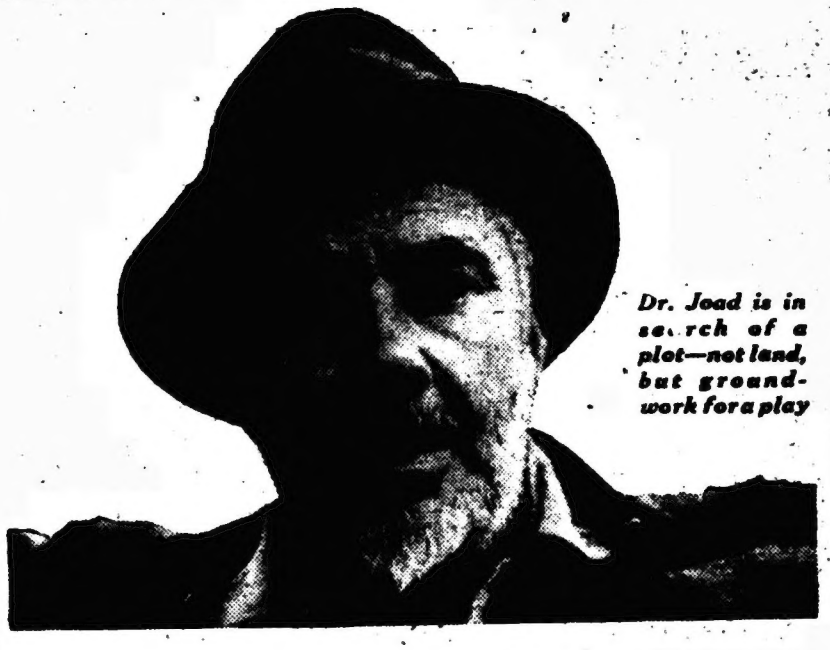
IF TRUTH WERE TOLD . . .

If the film showed what really went on at the private talks, there would be amazed wonderment.

L. G. himself told me once that a most important meeting of Clemenceau, Orlando, Wilson and himself was once held up for an hour because the President of the United States arrived angry at the fact that French gutter rags which he held up contained caricatures that made fun of him.

"I won't have it," he declared.

"But I'm called 'The [illegible],'"



Dr. Joad is in search of a plot—not land, but groundwork for a play

DR. JOAD GETS INTO TROUBLE

replied Clemenceau. "I have thrived on being attacked."

As for L. G., he remembered the "pettifogging Welsh attorney" and all the other sneers thrown at his earlier years and the way that when threatened by the mob during his pro-Boer days, he had escaped from Birmingham's town hall in a policeman's uniform.

But Woodrow Wilson was an ex-schoolmaster. To him, the world was a class of naughty boys who must never answer back.

A PROBLEM FOR JOAD

Dr. Joad is in trouble. It reminds me of Pirandello's play "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

He is trying to write a play—about education, its problems, its personnel, and its possibilities.

At present, he has got as far as the stage in which he has invented all sorts of characters who insist on saying all sorts of brilliant things but do not know what on earth to do.

So they wander all over his paper—in search of a plot, no doubt—and won't keep still.

Joad, full of ideas, has discovered that he is not a playwright.

Yet, if he calls in a collaborator, his play cannot bear merely the sign, "By C. E. M. Joad."

"Now, chums," as another film celebrity would say; 'What would you do?"

I would ask one of the characters.

OFF TO HOLLYWOOD

Both Pat Kirkwood and Sally Gray, two English girls who made their names in musical comedy in London, have signed contracts with Hollywood film companies.

What will the glamour machine do with two actresses whose qualities are peculiarly British?

Sally Gray is a Cockney—her grandmother played principal boy in pantomime, and her mother was a ballerina—who was discovered in the chorus, and trained by Stanley Lupino, who left her £10,000. She recently recovered from a severe nervous breakdown.

Pat is a Lancashire girl brought to the West End by George Black, made her name with the song "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in a Hippodrome revue, for which, as Black couldn't find a woman star, he chose three girls instead.

Then Wilfred Lawson, offered the part of Cardinal Wolsey in a Broadway production of "Henry VIII," can't get transportation!

PRIMATE BRAVES ANGER

The Archbishop of Canterbury held the view, till lately, that the peace terms imposed on Germany would have to include, in his own words, "a penal element, if justice were to be done."

But now he has braved the anger of millions by declaring that "the intensification of the bombing of German cities seems to me to have altered that.

"Those of us who believe that this intense bombing is justified as a military measure, aiming at the checking of Germany's power to produce war material, must also recognise that it constitutes a penalty for German aggression so great that no other can be called for. . . ."

Quoting St. Paul, he says that we are not called to be "the conscious and deliberate executants of God's justice," and adds that "any thought of 'punishing Germany' more than the course of the war is punishing her must henceforth be excluded from the minds of those who are under obligation to find and to follow the way of Christ."

Punishment of any kind is, to my mind, unjustifiable except as a means of effecting change of heart. Otherwise, however much it is prompted by natural anger, it is merely brutish.

A C.B.C. FILM

C. B. Cochran's life story was to have been filmed, I learned some weeks ago, by a British company. What has become of the plan? Has it been scrapped?

George Jessel is now at work in Hollywood on a movie scenario of the lives of the Dolly Sisters.

Cochran's career, surely, has been much more dramatic and colourful.

Filmed, it would make a cavalcade of the British theatre of the last thirty years, and, before the other great war, include everything from performing fleas and roller-skating to "The Miracle" and Hackenschmidt.

Besides, surely British entertainment owes to its greatest showman what would bring him in the wherewithal to make his closing years devoid of all anxiety.

★ **Hitler's great adv[illegible] share in the crime t[illegible] have to pay the penal[illegible]**

By A. G. GARDINER

THE end approaches with thrilling speed. Its shape is foreshadowed in the tremendous events of the past fortnight. Those events have shifted the spotlight from the east to the west.

In order to seize their full meaning it is necessary to see the war as a connected whole and not as a sequence of unrelated parts.

For months past the main theatre of the war of movement has been the Russian front. By comparison with the onrush of the Red Army, Alexander's drive through Italy and even the invasion of Normandy seemed secondary.

But now the war of movement is transferred to the west. The progress on the Russian front has been slowed down partly, no doubt, by the difficulties of supply, partly because of the stiffer resistance which the Red Army is encountering, but partly also by deliberate strategy.

And it is at this moment of relative pause in the east that the western front blazes into action. Two great events there have changed the whole perspective of the war.

The brilliant victory in Normandy and the invasion of the south coast of France together switch the impetus of the war from the eastern to the western front.

They reveal also in a very startling light on this front, as impressive as that which Russia has hitherto exhibited in the east, the deficiencies of the German war machine and the cross-currents and perplexities of German strategy.

Perhaps the most significant fact of all is the complete failure of the enemy to put up even a show of resistance to the landing on the Riviera.

It finally calls the bluff of Hitler's so-called Fortress of Europe. Instead of being invulnerable, that Fortress is found to be indefensible at any point.

While it was unchallenged it seemed invincible by reason of its vastness.

When it came under attack its very vastness was fatal. The enemy has neither the men nor the material to withstand the siege of a continent.

★ ★ ★

But there is another conclusion to be drawn from the double blow that the enemy has sustained in France. It is a conclusion that links it up with what is happening on the eastern front.

Up to two months ago Hitler's governing obsession was that if the war was to be won it must be won in the west.

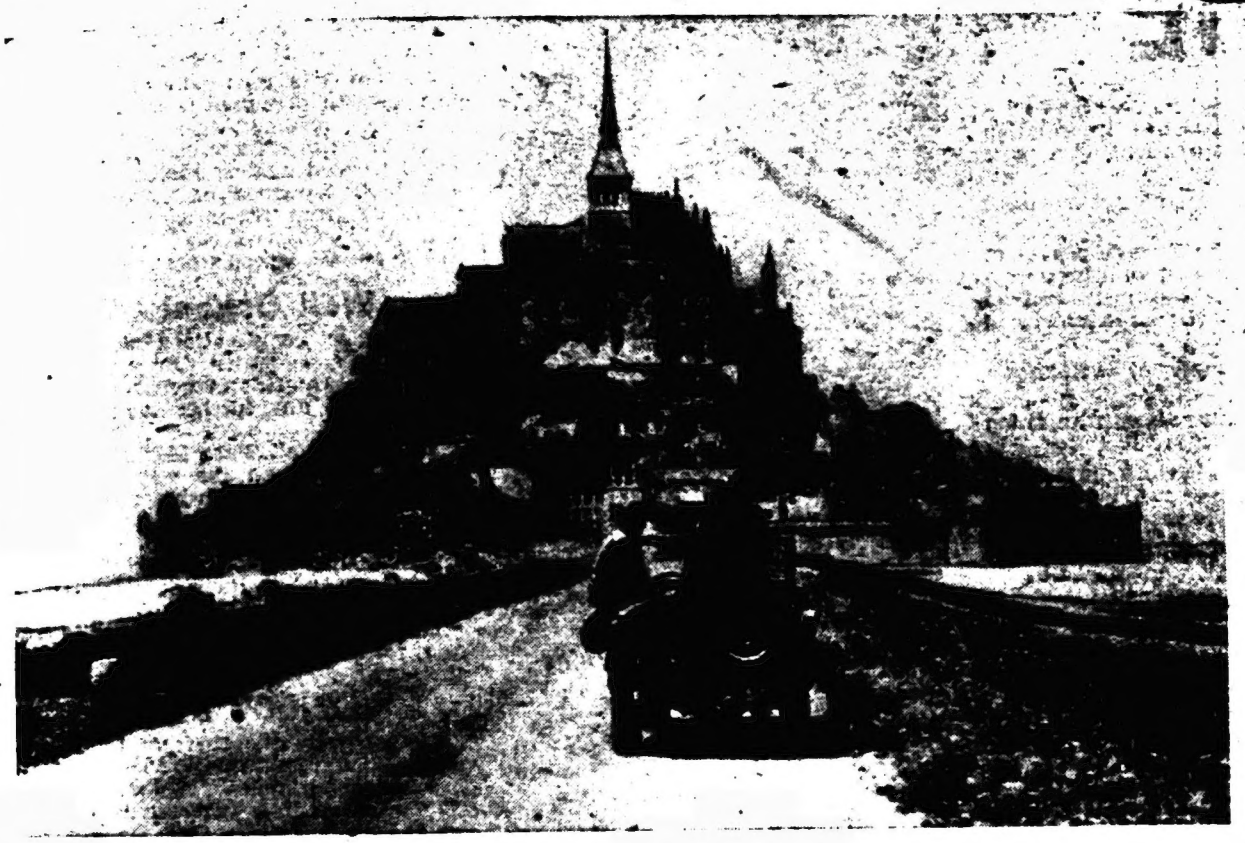
Victory in Russia was no longer thinkable, but if he could roll back the invasion from the west he would inflict such a disaster as would put the Anglo-American front out of action, finally dispose of the threat of invasion from the sea, and lead to a patched-up peace.

Then, freed from anxiety in his rear, he could turn round on Stalin with all his remaining might and, on his own ground, win a decisive victory.

Under his "intuition," he strengthened his western front at the expense of the eastern, believing that he could stabilise his

ure is over: for their German people will that justice demands

Closing In



Despite inevitable havoc, much of France remains tranquil—Mont St. Michel is untouched by war

line with the minimum of men before Stalin became a menace to German soil.

★ ★ ★

But this dream was dissipated as the invasion of Normandy became established and the new war in the West opened. The failure to drive us back into the sea compelled a reversal of strategy.

He had now two invasions to hold in check, and that from Russia was the one most feared (with very good reason) by the German people. Even at the risk of weakening the western front he must now switch every available fighting unit to the east.

The measure of his alarm is indicated by the panic-stricken despatch of tens of thousands of citizens equipped with pick and shovel to dig a Maginot line of trenches behind the eastern wall of the crumbling "Fortress."

This is the dilemma in which Hitler has landed himself. He has too many fronts and insufficient means to hold them.

It explains, partly, the magnitude of the disaster that has befallen him in Normandy. It explains, partly also, the unobstructed landing of the Allied Army in Southern France.

The walls of his Fortress are collapsing around him. The more he seeks to prop up one wall the more he hastens the collapse of another.

★ ★ ★

Wherever he looks, ruin is sweeping in upon him. He has lost an army in Normandy. He has an army imprisoned in Estonia. He has lost the air. His man-power is exhausted. His material resources—oil, tanks, transport—are approaching exhaustion.

Finland is out of the fight and he is rushing the remnants of his army there back to the defence of East Prussia. The Balkan bastion is shaken to its foundations and Turkey only awaits the challenge to strike.

Above all, France is resurrected and once more in the battle line. Forty million people, thirsting for revenge and free at last to act.

Practically the whole of Southern France is evacuated or in process of evacuation. Vichy is obliterated and the traitors are fleeing helter-skelter to safety.

And so with all the quisling-ridden countries from Norway and Denmark to Greece. Everywhere the German terror is passing and the German power is in dissolution.

★ ★ ★

Hitler's great adventure is over. His dream of world empire is shattered. The remains of the mighty armies that have perished in Russia, in Africa, in Italy, in France, are being driven back inexorably to the soil of Germany.

It is true, as General Eisenhower has warned us, that, though victory is certain, we are still far from the Rhine. He might have added that we are still farther from Berlin. For Berlin is our goal.

But distance has ceased to count. It mattered in the days when the Red Army stood with its back to the Volga and the British Army stood with its back to the Suez Canal. It mattered when all Europe was under the heel of the enemy and when the balance of force was still against us.

It does not matter now. All that matters is that we should complete the annihilation of the enemy's armies in the field.

That process has gone far, but there is still much "mopping up" to be done and much stern fighting ahead.

But when we have destroyed all organised resistance and driven the wild beast, in Stalin's phrase, into his den the distance to Berlin will be negligible.

Hitler has threatened us with terrible things when the war which has ranged over the earth is brought home to Germany. But we have learned to discount his menaces.

Terrible things, of course, there will be, but it is not the triumphant armies of the Allies that will have to fear them. It is Hitler and his *Gestapo* thugs that will suffer the vengeance of the wretched people they have brought to destruction.

Germany will be a cauldron of horror when the tramp of invading armies awakens the nation to the full measure of the crime that Hitler and his gangsters have wrought and that the nation itself has condoned.

For their share in the crime the German people will have to pay the sternest penalties that justice demands.

BUT THEY WILL NOT FAIL TO SETTLE THEIR OWN ACCOUNT WITH THE WICKED MEN WHO HAVE STAMPED THE GERMAN NAME WITH THE BRAND OF INFAMY FOR ALL TIME.

Fly-Bomb Fishing Round the Clock

WE killed a Robot. We need a table and some chairs.

The sign that bore these two sentences sums up the story of the men who operate the balloon barrage in the Robot defence area somewhere in Southern England.

They had scored a success in their first day's battle against Hitler's devil-weapon, and, as a reward, they asked for something to eat off and some seats.

★ ★ ★

These men are doing a terrific job of fishing fly-bombs out of the air, but they don't expect medals or even to read about their achievements in the headlines—the reward for this job is isolation and monotony and very limited comfort.

Around the clock they apply high skill and an enthusiasm that withstand the monotony.

Skill is needed because a balloon is a delicate instrument demanding constant care and attention whether flying or bedded down. It is more sensitive to the weather than a sailing ship.

The scientists in the drab corridors of Whitehall or wherever they keep themselves, the officers in the field and the men on the sites are constantly suggesting and testing and permanently instituting new appliances and methods for the barrage.

Operations that used to take hours now are done in minutes.

Time was when the routine order to "bed down" for inspection involved an operation of magnitude. Not nowadays, as I saw for myself the other day.

The men ran to their posts, and from then on until the balloon was securely picketed down with its many lines taut to the ballast bags and its nose into the wind, little was heard beyond the mutual exchange of co-ordinating signals.

The men get twenty-four hours off each week, and evening passes in turn. Cards and draughts help to while away the spare hours in the lonely countryside. E.N.S.A. and film shows come around periodically; dances are organised.

★ ★ ★

But most of the boys have to enjoy these secondhand, for the balloons must always be manned. In bad weather all crews have to stay on the job regardless of attractions.

Ask what would be most useful to brighten life up a bit, and they will answer: musical instruments.

What instruments? "Any instruments! We can always swap anything we can't play!"

To the neighbours the coming of the balloon barrage has had its good side. Never before was the district so well supplied with handymen for all occasions.

The neighbour with the lame hen got a painless neck-wringing job done by simply mentioning the matter. And, incidentally, the boys got a chicken dinner.

HOWARD CLEGG.

"BARON" DEFIES THE POLICE

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

REVELATIONS last week of the grave municipal scandal in Newcastle-on-Tyne seem to have aroused interest throughout the country.

At a recent meeting of the Council several excellent suggestions and recommendations were discussed.

And though it will naturally take some considerable time to put these into effect, a commendable start has been made to restore public confidence in the city's municipal affairs.

This week I turn to quite a different evil—graft and corruption connected with big Black Market conspiracies.

Colossal sums have been made by Black Market speculators since the war.

In one deal alone over £100,000 was involved—and the chief racketeers got clean away

The fact that the real offenders operate only from the background, and cover up their tracks through agents whose ramifications are almost equally difficult to unravel, makes the job of the police and Government enforcement officers no bed of roses.

Moreover, of course, the "big fellows" do not openly bank the proceeds of their conspiracies. The money is usually put away through friends and nominees.

Diamonds Don't Talk

Big bribes, for instance, have been paid to agents who know how to wink at official regulations and get money transferred into diamonds and other jewels in a way that cannot easily be traced.

In fact, some diamonds have been "worked" to safe hiding places in America!

Graft and corruption have become so prevalent that Superintendent Leonard Burt, of Scotland Yard's "Big Five," has again been seconded to a secret London suite of offices—from which he is directing inquiries into many cases.

Some of these will concern big Black Market interests. And I predict that several important criminal prosecutions will result.

Now let me draw another pen picture.

A few miles from Bradford, in the pretty village of Rawdon, there is a mansion called "The Billings." It is the lovely home of a prominent business man—Mr. Martin Jackson Dawson.

Dawson, who is still only thirty-eight, has had a colourful career, and has been very popular in racing circles as a "gentleman rider."

The lure of war business tempted him to depart from the usual methods of commercial trading.

How it was Done

He holds a principal interest in a chain of women's outfitting shops scattered throughout Yorkshire.

They are high-class shops. And they always had high-class clothes for sale even when the war scarcity was most acute.

Many people must have wondered how it was done. Scotland Yard men provided the answer.

They found that the real cause of his success was that Mr Dawson did business with a Black Market racketeer known in the underworld and to the police as "the Baron."

Actually, senior detectives at Scotland Yard have been after "the Baron" for two or three years

They know his real name. So do I—in fact, JOHN BULL has information about his varied operations that goes back to 1924.

But "the Baron" has always managed to dodge the police.

From offices in the Piccadilly area of London he is carrying on as if he were a perfectly honest business man—instead of one of the shrewdest super-crooks in the country.

He is the associate of well-known criminals.

He cannot be bothered with anything but the biggest business.

Some of his deals—in cloth, gowns, tea, bedding and the like—have run into tens of thousands of pounds.

Whisky, stolen food, made-up suits and costumes, sugar, timber—anything big enough to bring grist to his mill—have helped to swell his profits.

Many of his agents have been to jail. But "the Baron" treats them so well that never once has he been given away.

He dines at one of the finest hotels. For recreation he is a member of several gambling clubs in London, and is an experienced player of chemin de fer and faro.

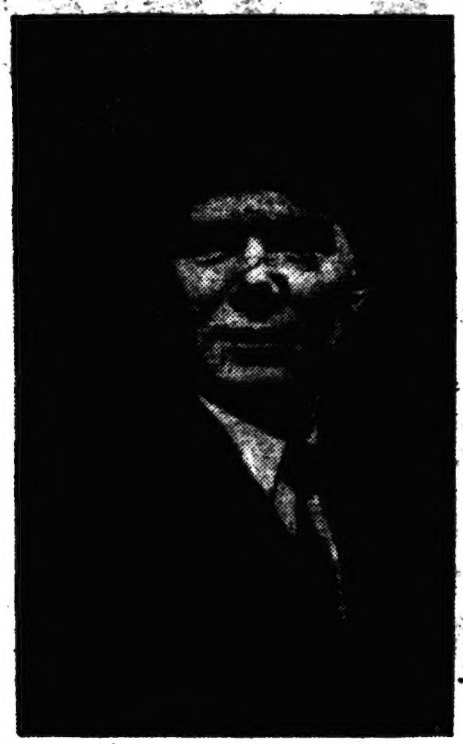
It was at a gambling club that Dawson made his acquaintance.

A profitable deal in cloth ensued.

No vouchers were passed; no correspondence was entered into; all their deals were man-to-man affairs.

And Mr. Dawson's chain of women's shops were nicely supplied in consequence.

Then Scotland Yard and enforcement



Superintendent Burt is working against the grafters

officers of the Board of Trade got busy. They worked hard and silently for many months.

Various men in London and provincial towns were watched.

So was "the Baron."

With his almost unbelievable luck, not one tell-tale clue could be traced to him.

With Dawson it was different. At a given hour, a police raid took place at one of his shops.

Fifty rolls of expensive cloth were found hidden away.

When he was questioned about them he suavely admitted he had bought them without coupons.

He had paid £6,000, he said.

And he calmly presented two Board of Trade officials with £200 each, in notes, as bribes.

They promptly reported the matter.

Dawson was eventually found guilty and sent to prison both for corruption and for dealing with hundreds of women's coats without coupons. All that could be said against him was that he had been "warned off" the Turf by National Hunt Stewards and that he was a known "contact" of notorious Black Market speculators.

Well Organised

As police investigations about "the Baron" and other Black Market racketeers are still proceeding, I must not disclose any further facts for the moment.

Except that all Black Market grafters, big and small—all the way down the scale—fit like cogs in what has become a gigantic machine of roguery.

They possess their own vans and lorries, their own hidden warehouses and depots, and often their own fabricated invoices.

Many of them have official employees and railway or transport servants in their pay.

£2,000 a Day

That is why the theft of cloth and other goods from trains and lorries lately has become an industry.

"The Baron" is undoubtedly Underworld Enemy Number One.

Number Two is a man of alien origin who, brought here by his parents when he was a mere child, also operates from palatial offices in the West End of London He is said to be making at least £2,000 a day.

And like so many more of his type he is closely assisted by dishonest people in the merchant shipping business—a shocking but highly profitable traffic that I shall be dealing with next week.

They Went Home Without a Harvest

WHEN the Ministry of Agriculture next appeals to the public to holiday on the land and help with the harvest, there will be mocking laughter in many parts of the country.

It will come from the hundreds of men and women who recently travelled long distances to agricultural camps, and then found there was no work for them to do!

One of the worst examples of this lack of planning has occurred in Oxfordshire, where, some months ago, the War Agricultural Committee began to make its plans for the present harvest.

Six camps were planned, to accommodate a weekly total of more than 700 men and women. A famous national organisation, asked to undertake the management, engaged camp wardens, cooks and other staff.

Hundreds of patriotic war workers paid *in advance* the 28s. fee for a week's accommodation and food.

* * *

Employers—among them one of the largest industrial concerns in the Midlands—made elaborate arrangements to stagger holidays so that as many workers as possible could volunteer.

The volunteers, in their hundreds, squeezed into the trains and arrived at the camps eager to spend a week in the fresh air helping the farmers, and earning a shilling an hour to pay for their keep and a little pocket money.

They got the fresh air—but some of them did not earn half-a-crown. There was no work for them to do!

One camp began to operate with sixty-three men and women from the Midlands, Notts, and Lancashire. There was so little for them to do that they took it in turns to go out into the fields so that each might average a day's work.

At another camp, one man earned 1s. 6d. during the whole week.

* * *

The rest of the week was spent playing rounders, peeling potatoes, visiting the neighbouring towns—when they were accessible—and vainly arguing with the War Agricultural Committee's representatives, whose stock reply was that they could not control Nature and the harvest.

Last year, incidentally, the conditions were just as bad in reverse—farmers were crying out for help and there was not the labour!

As a result of this enforced idleness, the overworked camp wardens and staff found themselves with an added responsibility—that of devising amusements and entertainment that would help to reduce the general dissatisfaction and disgust.

The position became so strained that, at one week-end, the welfare officer of a large firm had to rush down from the Midlands to hire village halls so that, with borrowed pianos, the workers could arrange impromptu dances.

Yet these holiday land-workers were drawing double meat and cheese rations. They had packed themselves into overcrowded trains when they might have stayed comfortably at home.

But, worst of all, they were frustrated at a time when, according to the Ministry of Agriculture, farmers are in desperate need of all the help they can get.

Oxfordshire is not the only county where this has happened.

Workers at a large manufacturing concern in Wales recently decided to spend their holidays on the land. Inquiries were made, scores of forms obtained, and completed forms and deposits sent off.

Forms and deposits were returned a few days later with an explanation to the effect that there was no work available.

So, in one sense, the Ministry of Agriculture is right to complain that its "Holidays on the Land" campaign has not been as successful as it might have been!

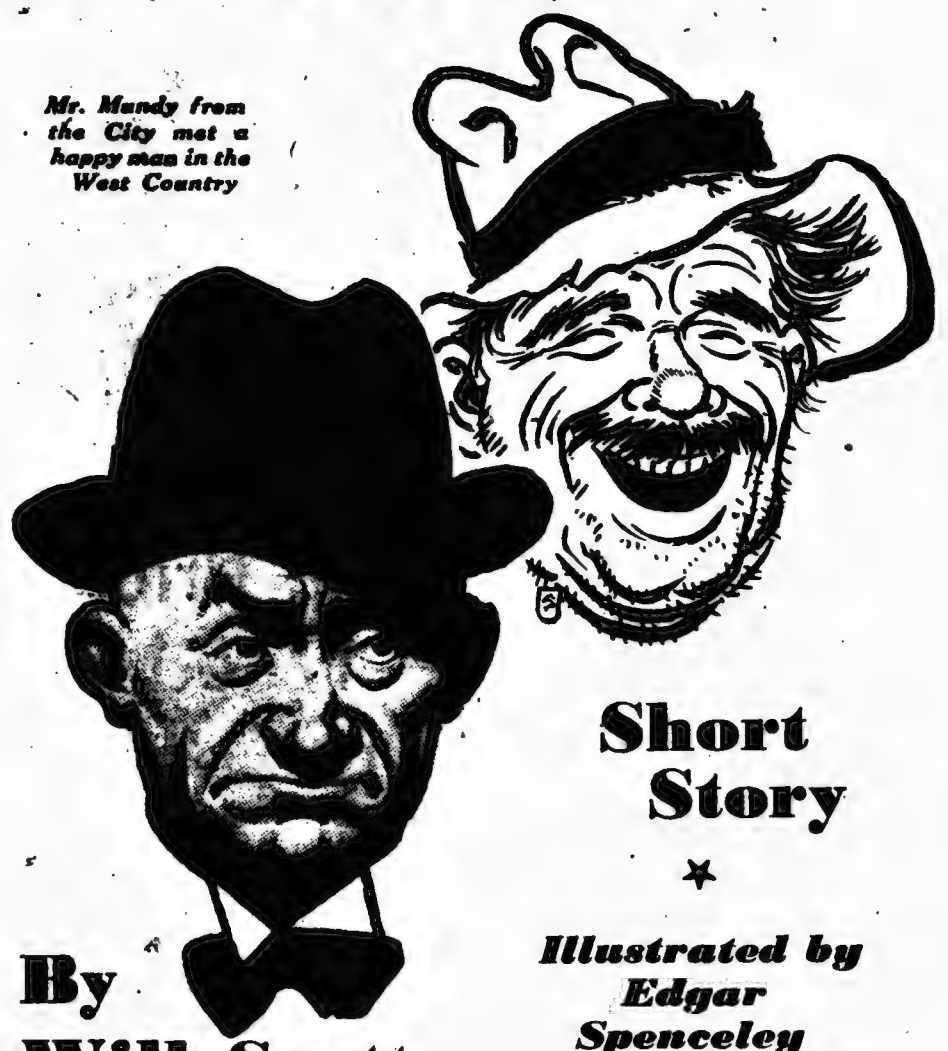
Is the trouble due to officials who lack knowledge of farming conditions?

* * *

One official, a young woman of considerable charm, called not long ago to inspect the livestock at an East Anglian farm. Sitting in the farmer's living-room, she gazed approvingly at his old-fashioned sideboard and then cheerfully admitted that she knew very little about livestock, but that she was something of an expert on period furniture!

The farmer was not amused. And I dare say his indignation will be shared by the war workers now back at their lathes and machines after a week's holiday that could have been spent to much better purpose.

Mr. Mundy's Money



Mr. Mundy from the City met a happy man in the West Country

Short Story

★

By Will Scott

Illustrated by Edgar Spenceley

HE was a flabby little man, through giving too many years of his life to it. He'd got cod's eyes, through looking at it too often. He'd lost all his hair, through thinking about it too much. His hands shook, presumably through carrying it about too long.

Money's all right, in reason. But Mr. Mundy was a living proof that you can have too much of it.

The thing that got him rattled was that there was always somebody after his money. He had so much that he couldn't sleep with it under his pillow. He had to put most of it in banks and safes and other places where people could get at it. It was hurrying him to the grave.

Because people *did* get at it.

They got at it in bits and they got at it in lumps.

All kinds of people got at it in bits. People like the fishmonger, who always managed to charge a shilling for a six-penny piece of haddock. People like taxi-drivers, who, once they knew who he was, never had change for anything and used to keep him standing in the rain while they went through pocket after pocket.

People like his manservant, who pretty well openly picked it up under his nose.

People like his relations. . . .

It was an everlasting problem.

All kinds of people got at it in lumps, too.

Such as the unknown hero who got up the waterspout one night and swiped seven hundred pounds' worth of his best silver.

Such as the gentleman in the Underground lift who relieved him of a wallet with eighty-five pounds in it and kept the wallet into the bargain.

OR his secretary, who found out that by changing a figure or two on a cheque and then changing your name to Smith you could retire with ten thousand almost any time you liked.

It was a most sickening business. Mr. Mundy had started life worshipping money. Now he was nearing the end cursing it.

What he had to do in the end was see a doctor.

"You want a break," said the doctor. "Something simple and easy. Miles away in the country."

Which was a daft thing to say. How could he possibly leave all his money behind for somebody else to look after while he went in for something simple and easy miles away in the country?

But when he got back from the doctor's, Mr. Mundy found that his latest secretary had just retired in the prime of life with fifteen thousand out of the safe.

So Mr. Mundy went to see the doctor again.

"I'll give you," said the doctor, "twenty-four hours to get away. After that I won't be responsible. You've got to sleep. Go miles away from a telephone and don't let anybody know your address."

For which advice he charged Mr. Mundy twenty guineas.

Mr. Mundy could stand it no longer. Telling nobody where he was going, he went. And that night, for the first time in his life, he was sitting in a dry ditch talking to a man with no collar and odd boots.

"BUT where do you live?" asked Mr. Mundy.

"Anywhere," said the odd man. "When I got the dough I 'ave a fourpenny doss. When I ain't got the dough, if it's a fine night, I sleeps under a 'aystack. Lovely!"

"I don't know how you do it," said Mr. Mundy. "You need money."

"You don't need much," said the man. "Two quid's as much as you ever need at a time. I never had more than two quid at a time in all my life. Sometimes I never 'ave a bean."

"Two pounds," said Mr. Mundy. "But—but—but you can't live a life on a capital of two pounds."

"You can," said the odd man. "Think of the saving. No income tax. Nobody can touch yer for a fiver. You 'aven't to keep yer Cousin Cyril when 'e gits tired o' workin'—'cos yer can't. No expenses at all, practic'ly. Lovely!"

"But when you *do* need money?" said Mr. Mundy.

"Easy," said the odd man. "Bit of 'edgin' an' ditchin'. Bit of givin' an 'and at flower shows. Bit of 'elpin' to put up stands in the square on market day. And then people 'll take pity on yer and slip yer a bob every now and again."

The odd man laughed.

"You City chaps 'as got the wrong idea," he said. "You spend so much of your time on *'ow* to live that yer got no time left *to* live. Yer can't laugh. Cripes! yer can't do anyfink. Look at this."

He jumped out of the dry ditch and leapt over a five-barred gate.

"You try it," he said.

Mr. Mundy tried it, and fell back in the dry ditch.

"Look!" said the odd man, pointing into the sky. "That's an 'awk."

"I can't see anything," said Mr. Mundy, peering.

"Cripes!" said the odd man. "Eyes goin' as well! Guv'nor, you're only half alive. And that half's gettin' on in years," he added solemnly.

"Tell me," said Mr. Mundy, "if you've got no money at all how do you manage for breakfast?"

"Wait here," said the odd man. "Shan't be long."

He was gone ten minutes. When he got back there were four warm eggs in his battered hat.

"Always find some old dame to boil 'em for yer," he said. "While they're boilin' yer tell 'em the tale—and they takes pity as far as two slices o' bread and butter and a cup of 'ot tea. Lovely!"

Mr. Mundy stroked his brow.

"I think it's done me a bit of good meeting you," he said.

"Glad to 'elp, matey," said the odd man.

Mr. Mundy pulled a pound note out of his waistcoat pocket.

"If this would help . . ."

The odd man yawned at it.

"Too much at a time," he said. "Shouldn't know what to do with it. It'd get on my mind."

And it was not until the odd man had been gone for half an hour that the amazed Mr. Mundy remembered the pound note and put it back in his waistcoat pocket.

Late that night he turned into his cottage lodging.

"I ought to sleep to-night," he said.

But he didn't. He saw all the hours through to dawn worrying about whether or not his cashier had cleaned out the office safe and bolted.

And he worried about it the next night, and the next, and he cut his holiday short on the fourth day and went back to see.

And the cashier had. . . .

Twenty thousand pounds he'd lifted from Mr. Mundy, and gone away without leaving even so much as an address.

Mr. Mundy saw the doctor again.

"If you don't sleep soon," said the doctor, "you'll lose your reason."

Mr. Mundy went home in a towering rage. He loathed the world and everybody living in it. He thought of the odd man, miles and miles away, sleeping blissfully under a haystack. He thought of himself, and the miserable life he led, and the crowds of hangers-on who were always dipping into his moneybags.

He stayed awake all night thinking of such things, and in the morning, suddenly, a bright light seemed to flash in front of his eyes.

"I'm off!" he said. "As soon as I've straightened things up."

He spent an hour trying to decide which man in all the world he hated most, and at the end of the hour the voting was in favour of Blenkinsop. Blenkinsop, who'd never done a thing to help him, who'd done many things to harm him; that measly, crawling Blenkinsop.

All right. Blenkinsop, Mr. Mundy told himself, should get it in the neck.

So he closed his office, sold up his business and his houses and cars, turned everything into money—fivers and other notes, put the lot in a sack and by dead of night left the sack on Blenkinsop's doorstep.

"Now *he* can stay awake for the rest of his life worrying about it," he said.

AND with two pounds only in his pocket he set out to live, a great weight lifted from his heart.

"I'll sleep to-night," he said. "If I do nothing else with my first day I'll sleep at the end of it."

And, at last, he did.

Under a haystack, without a care in the world. . . .

Old Jiggs, the carrier, pulled at the reins and stopped his horse. He stared.

A man was sitting in a dry ditch. A flabby little man, with cod's eyes and no hair and trembling hands. He was weeping.

Old Jiggs, the carrier, got off his van and went across the road.

"Mornin'. Somefink wrong, chum?" asked Old Jiggs, the carrier.

Mr. Mundy gulped.

"Everything," he said. "While I've been asleep under a haystack somebody's been through my pockets and pinched the only two quid I had got."

HUMAN MACHINE

CONSIDER SAFETY FIRST

You may think it strange that a person who has many a time urged boldness and high adventure as one essential of a happy and successful life should now use any such words as "safety first." Not so strange really—merely, as you will see, elucidating a situation that, unless clearly understood, could be very dangerous.

Boldness is so often confused with rashness. Adventure is so often wrongly identified with foolhardiness. Risk is so often supposed to be the same as rashness. That is why we want to think sometimes of the real meaning of "Safety first." Once you have made up your mind what you want, where you want to go, and how you mean to get there, then by all means—*if such things lie within your abilities*—go ahead. Go after your objective with every ounce of energy you've got. Then by all means live dangerously.

There is such a danger always of mistaking for true self-knowledge what is nothing more than vanity and egoism. Nothing is more difficult than to be honest with ourselves. Nothing is more essential to success.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

The Price of Freedom is Control

EIGHTEENTH century France adopted a policy based upon Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—a threefold ideal proclaimed only a few years earlier by the Americans.

A reader asks why we do not adopt the same motto.

Every democracy must act on the idea that all men are free, all men are equal, all men are brothers, he says. Yet wherever you go in this country you find class distinctions. You find them in churches, schools, clubs, houses, and streets.

I would defy you to give me a solitary example proving that we are all treated as equals, and I would challenge you to give any real reason why the French ideal is not put into practice in a country which calls itself a Christian democracy.

Our rationing system of food and clothes is based upon equality; the rich and the poor get the same number of coupons.

High class, middle class, low class—we all get equal treatment by the Post Office, the B.B.C. licences, and so forth.

Ration books have assured equality for all

But the ideal of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" does not always work. If all men are free they will not remain equal for half an hour! Some of them will exploit the others. Hence all the outcry against State interference with private enterprise. To secure equality there must be control—as in the case of rations—and that puts limits on freedom.

We cannot have it both ways. Liberty and equality do not march in step. Our system, based on compromise, may not be perfect; but it works.

My wife and I, an elderly couple aged seventy and sixty-nine, are faced with a very unpleasant problem, writes another man. **We have a daughter whose husband is in the Navy, serving overseas. She has fallen a victim to the spells of a low-down blackguard who seems to hypnotise the other sex.**

The way things are going will mean the breaking up of a sailor's home while he is serving the country. The other man's wife is suffering, too. Why should he be allowed to get away with it?

It can be assumed that the man's daughter is nearing the age of thirty if she has not already passed it. She is an adult and therefore responsible for living her life as she chooses.

She could send that other man packing if she wanted. Apparently she does not want.

One can understand and sympathise with her parents and with her absent husband, but she is not breaking the law, and no one can stop her behaving as she does. One can try persuasion, argument, appeals to loyalty; but she is a free woman and must bear the consequences.

Women will always be in danger from village Don Juans and Casanovas; but the police cannot lock up a man for having curling eyelashes or a honeyed tongue.

MY next letter is not related to the two already quoted.

My young daughter, aged fifteen, has just started work in an office, writes a mother, **and wants to do just like the other girls in the place.**

This means being out several nights a week, either at the pictures (five miles away), a dance, or running round on bicycles.

I won't allow it, and she feels she is being treated badly. I don't mind her going to a dance in our own village or to the pictures once a week, but I have said "No" to going to dances in villages round about and being out biking till 10 p.m.

A girl of fifteen is legally under her parents' control and they *could* order her to stay indoors every night of the week. It would be a foolish policy.

In another year's time she would have the right to "live her own life" and would probably run wild.

I have seen so many cases of children breaking loose after too strict discipline in early days. The daughter feels she is now a wage-earner, and if she cannot do what her friends are allowed to do she will become resentful and bitter.

No one can lay down a hard-and-fast rule. Some girls of fifteen are surprisingly level-headed and mature. If this daughter can be trusted to take care of herself she might be given a wider margin of liberty than she has at present.

But the parents are probably alarmed lest she may meet one of those hypnotising spell-binders and be led astray. The first duty is to enlighten her about such people and then to—trust her!

Children can't be tied to apron-strings; they cannot be constantly under supervision; they have to be trusted just as married people have to trust one another out of sight.

Without confidence in others there can be no peace of mind.

VOICE OF THE

AFTER "D-Day" will come "X-Day," pregnant with possibilities for the future. Gnr. K. Fleming, R.A., discusses the chances of a "Brave New World" in a letter to the Editor:

"X-Day"—the great unknown, the dramatic sequel to the operations which began on "D-Day"—carries the hopes of millions of Servicemen and civilians.

The day of victory is just around the corner, and from the bloody horrors of war we will turn to Peace. What sort of a Peace? There will be well-deserved pats on the back, speeches and parades, family reunions, followed by quiet nights and days, with fear banished from our lives.

After the tears—laughter. And then let us get down to the job of making a saner and better world. Not an easy job, but we shall have been tough enough to win the war; we must be tough enough to win the peace.

In the Services we have known comradeship and the value of "mucking in" together. We must carry that comradeship into the Peace. Let us make no mistake this time; we have fought for a better world and a better Britain. Our next job is to see that we get it.

No Potatoes

There is a shortage of potatoes in Normandy, and Pte. L. C. James learns why. He writes to his sister at John Street, Gravesend, Kent:

We met some Frenchmen and asked if we could have some potatoes, as the lads thought that chips without even the fish would be tasty. One of the Frenchmen shrugged his shoulders and said: "The Boche took them all before he left the town."

The French are glad to see us, and gladder still to share our cigarettes, bully beef, and sardines. But most of them we have seen so far do not look as if they have gone short of food.

We have also met some Germans, and their equipment struck me as being of very poor quality. Their overcoats, too, are made of material no thicker than our shirts. All of them give you the impression that they have had more than enough of this war, and I hope they have!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Knife-edged creases are the fashion not only on the barrack square but also in France!

"Spit and Polish" on the Normandy battlefront, of all places! A Regular soldier serving in France writes to a friend, also in the Army.

Believe it or not, but we have had orders to have our boots cleaned brightly polished, battledress free from all stains, and with a knife-edge crease to our trousers. Also, all brasses to be cleaned and sparkling for a parade at nine o'clock in the morning!

As you know, I am an old soldier, and not given to grousing about trifles, but I think that this "Spit and Polish" has no sense in Normandy, of all places, and about the ——— limit in foolishness.

It makes you think that someone in charge has gone balmy.

Trifling Matter

Going to the "Flicks" helps to relieve the monotony of life for troops stationed in India. L.-A.C. R. Bradshaw, R.A.F., writes to his sister at Gordon Road, Wellingborough, Northants:

Went to the cinema last night and saw "Arsenic and Old Lace," which tickled me pink, especially as it was shown without breaks, and right side up.

Films as a rule suffer badly at the hands of Indian film operators, who are a bit casual in their methods. It means nothing to them when they chop off a reel before a film is finished. And they are not too particular about keeping the light in the projector burning, which means that we often sit and see the picture, but hear the sound alone.

But the best effort of the operators at our pet cinema was last week, when they put on a film the wrong side up, and backwards. The talk sounded like Chinese. The scene was of a steamer on a river, upside down and with the smoke going into its funnels! However, it was all familiar to us, as we had seen this film about six times before.

Well, it was only after a deputation had searched for and found the manager that the film was shown the right way up. He seemed surprised that a fuss

Some Silly Words Are Taken Seriously

IT isn't the look of a word so much as the sound of a word that matters. *Waffles*, for instance. Now, waffles are *good*. But I don't think they'll ever really catch on in this country as long as they're called waffles. They *sound* so silly.

Some silly words are taken seriously because they got in early, on the ground floor as it were, and got themselves into use before people had time to think about them. So that people just don't think about them now.

But if you *did* . . .

Take *fish*. Say it aloud about seven times without stopping. Don't merely look at it on paper. Shout it.

Fish, fish, fish, fish, fish, fish, fish.

I think it's about the silliest word in the English or any other language.

★ ★ ★

Mind, it fits the look of the things, but it doesn't fit the taste of them at lunch. Fish *do* look like fish, don't they? My bet is that some prehistoric man gave them the name when they were just comic things in rivers, before he got the idea of eating them.

I don't think that Modern Man, if he were discovering fish for the table for the first time *now*, would be so daft as to call them *fish*.

Although, of course, you never know. Look at waffles.

Look at *shingles*. You don't mind, if you've got neuritis, telling people you've got neuritis. But you do mind, if you've got shingles, telling people you've got shingles. You think they're going to smile.

★ ★ ★

People and things with dignified-sounding names ought to be very thankful. *Lavender*. You couldn't beat that if you tried. Thank goodness some idiot never called it wiffits or punkweed or something like that to start with.

Napoleon. Say that aloud. It's all right if you say it twenty times. It's got dignity.

But—*Hitler* . . .

Say that aloud twenty times. Then you know why he always looks so silly in pictures when he wears a top-hat.

A thousand years ago he might have got away with it. But to-day he'd have to have a name at least as good as Napoleon and, if possible, better.

Hitler, Hitler, Hitler, Hitler, Hitler.

It *sounds* so silly.

We might have known he would miss the target.

A. G.

ROOPS

d be made about such a trifling
r.
addition to the films, we have a
stage show, provided by a family
its which live behind the stage at
inema. Since last winter we have
ed the rat family increase and
up. Now they leap, run and gam-
bout the stage as if they owned the

One in a Million

*wo brothers who saw action to-
her at Dunkirk met again in
y, where one of them found the
r in hospital. Sgt. F. Newton,
, writes to his mother at Acre
e, Oldham, Lancs:*

ll, I have done it at last! I had
nexpected news that George was
spital, and when I learned where
s they gave me two days' leave so
I could see him. The sergeant-
r lent me his motor-bike and I
lled the four hundred miles over
y, mountain roads.
en I arrived at the hospital, George
o surprised that he nearly fell out
d! Then the Sister came bustling
d thought I was a new patient.
wever, when I explained matters,
she had managed to conceal her
pointment, she asked the sensible
ion as to where I was going to
d the night. As I had not the
st idea, she very kindly fixed me
n an empty bed in the ward near
ge. What luxury: springs, sheets,
warm blankets!
George and I talked and talked,
I slipped off into the best night's
I've had for many months. In the
ning the Sister gave me breakfast
packed sandwiches for my long
ney back.
doffs my hat to a grand, understand-
ort of woman. Bless her!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

At Keswick, "Sixth Formers"
nd local council meetings. Widely
pted, such an innovation should
e an effective antidote to com-
ency about local affairs.—Cpl. J. R.
iams, Newcastle.

★ ★ ★

N.E. Railway should pay wages in
ets showing income-tax stoppages.
t is we have no check on the amount
ucted, and nothing to show that we
e paid.—"Joint Dock," Hull.

★ ★ ★

costs £12,500 to kill a German, says
atistician. Yet an old-age pensioner
xpected to live on a few shillings.
t a world!—E. Brain, King's Square
nue, Bristol.

★ ★ ★

wcastle youths chosen in ballot for
mines are sent to a Welsh pit,
ough their homes are in the centre
busy mining district. Are such
neys really necessary?—W. Andrews,
tish Town, N.W.

★ ★ ★

ow that wounded soldiers are appear-
in larger numbers, I suggest that
e awful hospital "blues" should be
lished. The least we can do is to
the wounded something decent to
r.—A. Cox, Rownhams Road, South-
pton.

★ ★ ★

anual workers were first in a 'bus
ue at Colwyn Bay, but when the
orkers'" 'bus arrived an inspector
e preference to Civil Servants who
e last in the queue. Nice work!—
mro," North Wales.

★ Once again a torrent of shells from great warships has preceded an Allied invasion. This account of the bombardment of targets in Normandy, told to JOHN CASHEL by Lieut.-Commander (A) W. C. SIMPSON, D.S.C., commander of a Fleet Air Arm Squadron, reveals the drama of the guns

For hour after hour the gunnery officer directed the ship's fire—with an extra pair of eyes in the "spotting" plane above!

We "Spotted" the Navy's Big Shoot

DURING the invasion big shoot we naval bombardment spotters had our great chance to aid the ships' gunners to hit beach-head targets they couldn't see and that were mere pin-points on their maps from several miles away.

Poised hawk-like in our Spitfires thousands of feet above the German defences, we put the gunners on to them, observed the fall of shot, corrected the aim till it was dead on.

First we disposed of all prearranged targets such as coastal gun batteries and fortified points like pill-boxes, machine-gun nests, anti-tank ditches. Then searched out impromptu ones anywhere within the area of the ships' gunfire.

Accuracy

An eight-mile range for the gunners and almost a mile look-down for us spotters to detect a target through its camouflage were quite average.

For seventeen hours from dawn till dusk the big shells went down, while we worked in relays, most of us flying six to ten hours and often making four sorties a day from our shore base.

Seven squadrons of us from our station—four Fleet Air Arm, two Royal Air Force, one of American naval pilots. And this inter-Service and Anglo-American party was also inter-Empire, as among us were Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Irishmen—and a Dutchman.

We spotted in pairs, the spotter as No. 1 having his No. 2 to protect him against enemy aircraft.

No. 1 orbited the target and pinpointed its position on his map. Then carried on over his radio *in clear* a conversation like this with his ship:

"Target. Four enemy guns. Map reference ——. I say again, map ref. ——. Can you engage? Over."

His ship replied: "Understand target four enemy guns. Map ref. ——. We can engage. Wait five minutes." The wait was to give them time to plot the position on the map in their transmitting station and to get their guns ready.

When ready to fire they called up: "Target. Map ref. ——. Ready."

"O.K.," the pilot acknowledged; and the ship called, "Shot four six"—meaning that in forty-six seconds from the time they fired the shell would pass.

"O.K. Four six," the pilot answered; and just before the shot was due to fall the ship called, "Splash." This warned him to stand by for the shot hitting the ground, and immediately he looked down expecting to see the splash.

"Seen. Six o'clock. 400 yards," he called back, indicating that the ranging salvo was 400 yards off the target at six o'clock.

The gunners guaranteed to be within 500 yards with the ranging salvo of a shoot—an amazing degree of accuracy on a target they cannot see miles away.

They corrected their aim till the spotter called, "Hits on target," a matter of minutes only.

Two Broadsides

They were so scared stiff of it that the moment we spotters got over them they usually stopped firing and dived into their deep holes, leaving their weapons to whatever might befall them.

One good shoot was spotted by two of our team, Lieut. H. D. Barr and his No. 2, Sub-Lieut. Grime, who detected an enemy four-battery howitzer position well camouflaged in hedges.

This was a typical impromptu target. It had stopped firing before they saw it, but they recognised its position from certain tell-tale marks which required remarkably good eyesight and training to spot from several thousand feet high.

Their ship, a cruiser, knocked out one gun; and then a flak gun, about a hundred yards away, opened fire on them.

They dealt with this by shifting the ship's fire on to it so skilfully that the first salvo sent the new target sailing into the air.

In forty minutes their ship had thirty direct hits and had destroyed every gun.

A spotter of the squadron I command had on D-Day an important target passed to him by the cruiser *Orion*, which, through Mediterranean experience, was well acquainted with this form of bombardment.

It was a heavily fortified country house, probably an enemy headquarters, which threatened to endanger our advance north of the Forest of Cerisy.

Our troops' zero hour was 21.00, or 9 p.m., and it was now 20.45. So the ship had fifteen minutes for the destruction.

The ranging salvo fell 300 yards east of the target from a distance of about seven miles. The second salvo was a hit, and immediately the ship went into rapid fire, every possible gun being brought to bear.

Its first rapid fire hit. So did the second. And they'd still five minutes to go.

"That's good shooting. You've had many hits in the target area and the target is almost destroyed," the spotter called to them, adding, "Can you do anything more?"

"We'll give you two broadsides," the ship replied.

The first was a hit, the second another. At 20.59 the target was completely destroyed, with one minute to spare before the troops' zero hour.

In the first fortnight from D-Day casualties among us spotters and our No. 2s could be numbered on one's hand, incredible as that may seem.

Only one of us was shot down by enemy fighters, though on a dozen occasions and never numbering fewer than eight at a time they "jumped over" our two-man teams, and we claimed six of them to our credit.

One or two others of us were shot down by flak, but not one man failed to get back to our lines.

435 Sorties

Throughout that crucial time our ground crews worked round the clock, snatching what little sleep they could; and for many days onwards from D-Day they gave us 90 per cent. aircraft serviceability.

This was a staggering achievement during an operation of the magnitude of the Invasion, even for ground crews used to Spitfires. It was still more so for the American naval servicing crews, who had had little experience of this "honey of an aeroplane," as they and their pilots call it.

On D-Day our seven squadrons, forming a pool on which British or American bombardment ships could call, flew 435 sorties. A record from any one station under Tactical Air Force control; of which, I may be permitted to say, the Naval Air Staff could reasonably feel proud.

And in those 435 sorties no hitch or accident occurred throughout the day.

We owed much to the terrific air cover we were given that kept the German fighters away. To the enemy's fear of naval bombardment that caused his flak gunners to stay comparatively quiet.

To the training we spotters and our No. 2s get as fighters over and above our main job, and to the Spitfires in which we now fly fitting us to deal with anything the *Luftwaffe* dared send over.

Those of us with memories of Skuas were grateful the Fleet Air Arm had come into its own.

TRAGEDY

● Mrs. R. E. Brown, of Dartford, took her little girl on a visit to her mother and sister, whose London home had been damaged by a flying bomb. As they were returning they were themselves killed by a bomb.

Mrs. Brown's husband, a registered reader, has received a prompt cheque under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

We offer free to every reader an insurance policy against air raids, gas attacks, and bombardment.

Readers who have not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

EKCO RADIO

FOR CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

THAT MAGNETIC LASTING *Charm*

A few alluring touches of Poudre Tokalon, the exquisite face powder made with the exclusive "mousse of cream" formula, impart alluring, girlish beauty of fascinating loveliness.

POUDRE Tokalon

Choose and use O.K

-the sauce that does you good-

it still has 44% fruit

If you are in a zone where O.K. Sauce is difficult to get, remember it is one of the good things you will have again after the war.

CAN YOU HEAR?

Suppose, for a moment, you found one of our wounded soldiers at your door — you wouldn't hesitate to give all the help you could, would you? Your help was never needed more than it is now. The calls on the many auxiliary services of the Red Cross and St. John become greater and greater as the fighting develops.

PLEASE GIVE AN EXTRA PENNY A WEEK TO THE RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND

Supporting the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

LAST LAUGH

GEORGE (Leith).—"If the French had their way, Hitler would be gelatined." That would be a sticky enough end for him.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"It beats me why my two little boys are so afraid of the sea." See letter below.

MRS. G. (Dundee).—"When my husband goes 'bathing' he never ventures into the sea above the knees." See letter above.

L. C. (Smethwick).—"I like a man who stands on his own feet." You have had trouble with your dancing partners?

MRS. H. (Baldock).—"What is a bigger nuisance than mice in the pantry?" Rats.

A. L. (Diss).—"The average Englishman is not given to making wild boasting statements." And yet we heard one only yesterday claiming that he had already had sunstroke this summer!

T. O. (Home Guard).—"We spent three hours on Sunday morning searching a haystack." And did you find the needle after all?

FILM-GOER (Goole).—"Hollywood has just produced a picture with only two actors and one actress in the cast." That is an improvement on some of those we have seen which had three less than that.

R. M. (Hitchin).—"Hitler has admitted that he is dreading the coming winter." Why should he? There is no shortage of coal in our prisoner-of-war camps.

PETTY OFFICER (South Coast).—"Members of our crew have planted a small gooseberry orchard near the naval barracks." It will be interesting to see if they will grow beards instead of short whiskers.

CORPORAL H. (Essex).—"After travelling all the way to Normandy on the Tuesday, I found myself in a Yorkshire hospital on the Thursday." Trust the R.T.O. to give you the longest route.

D. L. (London).—"Have you noticed that very fat men seem much more afraid of the buzz-bombs than thin ones?" Well, it is practically impossible for the former to throw themselves down flat.

MRS. J. (Clapham).—"We have an air raid warning sign at our office, but, whenever I want to find it, the junior clerk is sitting on it." He obviously considers himself to be always on the alert.

N. B. (Woodford).—"I haven't had a really sound sleep since the war began." You are longing for the good old days of county cricket to return.

MRS. K. (Ipswich).—"From the way my husband talked before we were married I thought he was worth the Mint." Now you've found he's a worthless humbug.

C. V. (Reading).—"You can't get much on the nod nowadays." Not even at an auction sale.

PRIVATE (Bedford).—What the healthy soldier likes is music to rouse him." The reveille, eh?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Wonder what time they open?"

Side-Slips

MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"In the back of the MAN were three show horses and three men."

RETFORD TIMES:—". . . spend so many years out here in this God-forsaken country without a reasonable hope of SETTING home to see their wives . . ."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . some of them have actually flung themselves on the ground and KILLED the boots of British and Canadian soldiers."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—". . . rebuilding under POST-WAR plans will be discussed by representatives of . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"We must do everything in our power to speed up Hitler's BALL, thereby saving many a life of husband or son."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"In most cases defendants have been asked to pay off the ARREARS in small weekly sums."

EVENING TIMES:—". . . in less than two minutes we were surrounded by NORMALS of all ages."

EVENING TELEGRAPH:—". . . together weighing six SONS, fell from Tharratt's lorry in Victoria Street, a crane had to be obtained to replace it."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . the least concerned at the company pay money falling into our HEADS."

"BULLETS" No. 1,438

FIRST PRIZE £100

C. Hukin, Ashville, Wyncroft Grove, Bramhope, nr. Leeds, for this "Bullet":—

OVER IN FRANCE

"RIGHT SIDE" DRIVING ON

£10: W. T. Malins, 3, Midland Road, Hyde Park, Leeds.

Mistake We Made—Missing "Eighteen" Sun, Berlin.

£5: Mrs. A. Pinder, 18, Heaton Grove, Cleckheaton.

Hard To Find—Wifey's Match—Or Matches!

£4: Miss E. Clark, 11, Holland Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

In Love's Fairyland—Cares Vanish—Take Care!

£3: A. Bingham, 46, Lambeth Road, Liverpool.

At Any Moment—Fuses "Launched"—Wash "Range"!

£2: A. Sims, 13, Chalks Road, Whitehall, Bristol.

The Engine Stopped And—Auntie Dashed Beneath Counter!

£1: E. A. Rossell, 11, Ashworth Avenue, Ruddington, Notts.

Age Of Grandpa—Spelling "Hands." By "Queen."

10s.: Mrs. F. Anderson, 163, Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

For Revenge—Ashed—Then Resigned Sergeant!

5s.: J. W. Connor, 37, Rowan Street, Leicester.

Mistake Father Made—Watching "Baggage"—Lost Luggage!

2s.: Mrs. E. H. Tisdale, 14, Nevin Street, Liverpool.

Men Who Knew—Hitler, "Introduced" To Himself.

1s.: H. Lesh, 367, Manchester Road, Droylsden, Manchester.

Soapy's Story—"Tiddler Pulled Me In!"

Fountain Pen with each of the above Prizes.

A list of 50 winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

XWORD AND LAUGH-LINES

11 CHEQUES and 45 CAKES

WON IN XWORD 390

WINNING WORDS: 1. GRIME. 2. REBELS. 3. LORDS. 4. DUCK. 5. BOMB. 6. SPY. 7. TOWNS. 8. SHELL. 9. FEED. 10. TERRA. 11. CELLAR. 12. RAIL. 13. MEAT. 14. HASTE.

CHEQUES of £50: B. Bonar, London-Jetty; Mrs. H. A. Chilvers, Norwich; V. Penn, Stoke-Holy-Cross; T. W. Owen, Timperley; E. C. Banker, Bradstairs; A. Spink, Bradford; L. S. Taylor, W. Kirkwood, Pte. B. Anderson, Sig. G. J. Helmer, Pte. G. Kaye, and L.A.C. S. C. Watts, Somewhere-in-Britain.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 41 entrants. Each, in addition, receives 4 lb. Fruit Cake.

To help readers of Bulletin and Gazette whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond John Bull's control, here are "Laugh-Lore" winning Answers from issue dated Saturday, August 26.

Laugh-Lines No. 390—KEY LETTERS R—E—F—E

GREATEST OF THESE

● We receive many pathetic appeals from ex-Servicemen who, discharged as unfit but without pension, suffer long spells of unemployment because they are too ill to work.

One we know has got his first job in thirteen months; others are not so fortunate, and are in desperate need of help.

You can ease their burdens with a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgment is made when addresses are given, but anonymous gifts are no less welcome.

Current subscriptions may be seen on demand; all administrative expenses are met by us, so every penny sent is pooled and shared fairly among deserving cases on our books.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

EVERYDAY THINGS AND THEIR STORY

In this remarkable book you'll find the Answer to scores of things that may have puzzled you—How stamps come from a slot-machine, vermilion from coal, fruits from trees, and scores of other fascinating facts about ordinary, every-day things.

★256 PAGES.

★60,000 WORDS

★OVER 200 ILLUSTRATIONS

How is syrup turned into rayon, fructis and shampoos? How are plastics made from skeletons? What is pre-cooked and scrubbed? Where are the cheapest seats in the house? Where is the "Bunker"? "EVERYDAY THINGS AND THEIR STORY"—the fascinating story of the manufacture of hundreds of familiar everyday things is told. It runs to more than 60,000 words and over 200 illustrations. Use the coupon to secure and amaze at once.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in Order-Label. Indicate Edition required and post with Postal-Order for correct amount to: Odhams Press Ltd., "Everyday Things and Their Story," Book Dept., J.15, Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated on label.

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN COUNTY

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

BOOK WITH CARE CARRIAGE PAID HOME

STANDARD EDITION 5/3
DE LUXE EDITION 6/3
Strike out edition not required

R.S.V.P. S.A.E. 29/3/44

"THREE REASONS WHY I ALWAYS INSIST ON 'ALL-STAR' DRENE SHAMPOO," says

Lilli Palmer

Glamorous Star of Stage and Screen

★ *Drene makes my hair look really lustrous and shiny.*

★ *My hair is so easy to set after a Drene Shampoo.*

★ *Most important—Drene is easy to use—and delightfully quick.*

You, too, can be like the stars—trust your hair to an "All-Star" Drene Shampoo and it will be lovelier, more glamorous than ever before . . . and as easy to set as A B C.

REMEMBER: 7½d. size gives you two luxurious shampoos. Large size 1/10½d.

★ ★ ★ "ALL-STAR" ★

drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Nerves and Digestion?

..more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest natural source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast*.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is LIVE Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals, you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

All Chemists 1/3, 3/- Tablets

Phillips TONIC YEAST —It's LIFE ITSELF!

So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure
SENTINEL
ALL COTTON WOOL
HYGIENIC TOWELS
In four sizes, 1, 2, 3 and 4 (extremely). Also soluble with loops. From all chemists, drapers and stores.
Lander Ltd. Nottingham
Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers

FIRST AID

always Safe and Sure!
for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO.
Keep LION OINTMENT handy and apply at once. Cleanses quickly; heals safely. At your Chemist.
BURGESS' 1/3 & 3/-
LION OINTMENT

£100 BUMPER Bullets FIRST! and 250 NEW PRIZES!

250 Useful NEW PRIZES

Use any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy. Wire Date—Friday, September 15.

TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN
VICTORY BELLS
MAN WHO PROMISED
READY FOR PEACE
WITHOUT WORK
BEGINNING OF THE END
AT THE TIME
SUPERHUMAN EFFORT
HOT AND COLD
ESCAPE'S IMPOSSIBLE, SO

BULLETS 1,436 RESULT appears on page 14

WRAPPED IN GLOOM
MOANING MINNIE
SIMPLE ANSWER
HOW IT STARTED
SAYS NOTHING
GRANDPA'S COMPLAINT
AN INJUSTICE
FOR THE FUTURE
FIRST OFFENDER
DAD WENT OUT AND

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

THANKS TO OUR.....
THE RIGHT.....
A NICE .....
FORGET THE.....AND
JUGGLING WITH.....
MADE .....THINK

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter on plain paper

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bulletin" Bulletin dated Sept. 16. IF INK RUNS USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,442 Monday, Sept. 4.

Signed .....
Address .....

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Rewards First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Reward Prize per contest. Complete Reward in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Rewards shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Reward columns used. Two Reward columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./ write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£100 CASH in "ONE-WEEK XWORD!" and £25 Prize!

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 394

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 ENEMY IN BODY WILL MAKE USE OF EVERY KIND OF	TR CK			
2 RUDE ONE MAY UPSET HOSTESS	GUES			
3 COMING OF OLD AGE MAKES MANY A MAN RATHER THIN	S RE			
4 IT'S SILLY THAT YOUTH SHOULD DO THIS, WITHOUT AN AIM	RUS			
5 DIPLOMAT ARBITRATES BETWEEN TWO PARTIES HAS OFTEN, BUT TO DIE!	BL ND			
6 FISHERMAN LIKES TO SEE ONE TEEMING WITH FISH	CREE			
7 THESE WOMEN ARE HIGH-FLIERS HAS SOME RASHY CHOPPER	PLA ES			
8 THERE'S A CROOKED AMERICAN ONE WHICH IS USED A LOT OVER HERE	WO D			
9 PLAYER MAY POSSIBLY PREVENT THIS, WITH SPEED AND ABILITY	FOU			
10 ARTIST GOING EXCELLENT WORK MAY BE TEMPERAMENTALLY UNFITTED TO	BO ST			
11 EXPECTED TO BE PLUSHY	PLUM			
12 EIGHT HAS HAS NO	PRI E			
13 TIDINESS IS CHARACTERISTIC OF ONE	AT			
14 HEAVY ONE MAY INTERFERE WITH TRAFFIC AND CLOSE ROADS	RAI			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Sept. 16.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 4
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
394

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1442—or Xword No. 394, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

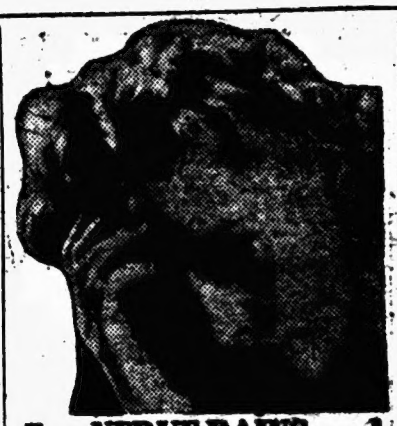
OH! WHERE AND OH! WHERE . . . !

Murphy owners who need service shall have it but they must stick to the rules. The first rule is FIND YOUR MURPHY DEALER. If you can't find him (and of course a lot of them are in the Forces or blitzed or something) then write to us. We'll find a dealer to service your set, and if we can't we'll tell you when to send it to us. DON'T SEND UNTIL WE TELL YOU. If you do, it will have to wait until the "queue" has been dealt with — and some queues are long these days!

your Murphy dealer will see you through

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS.

C.R.C.162



For NERVE PAINS and NEURALGIA

They're Wonderful

When the whole bodily system cries a halt through Nerve Pains, or mental effort is retarded by the wretched pain of Neuralgia, then is the time to take Beecham's Powders. I find them really wonderful! Quickly absorbed they are speedy in action and very welcome relief soon comes. They are equally good for Headaches, Lumbago, Colds and Chills.

Prices in Gt. Britain (incl. Purchase Tax)
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4.
Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day. When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

GUARD YOUR TEETH...

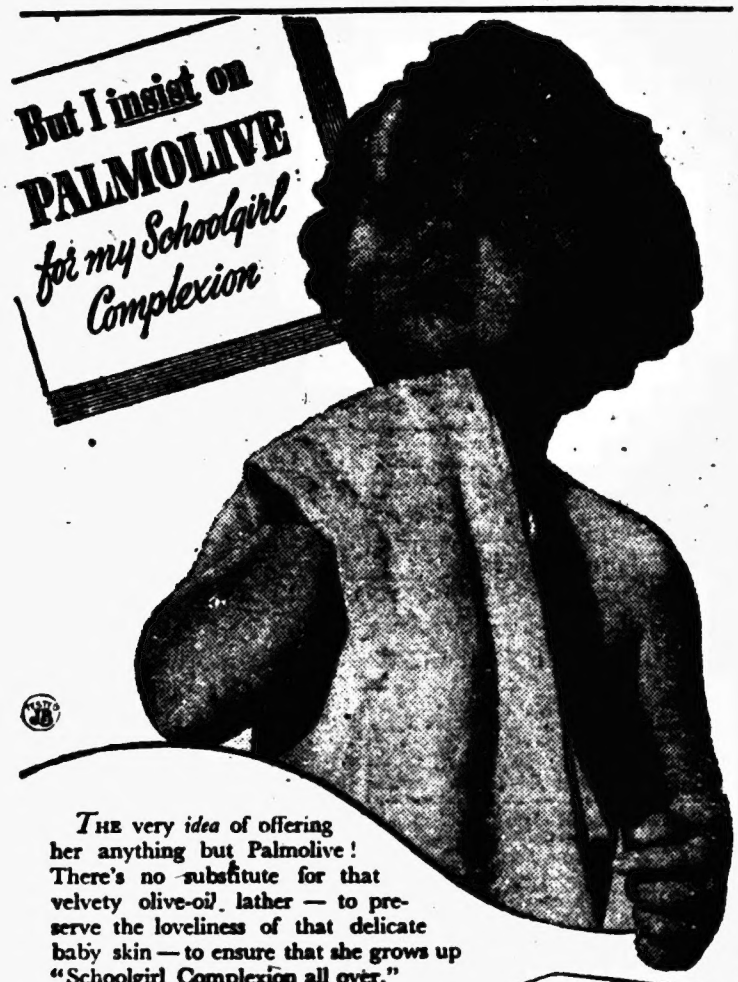
...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by regular cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia,'* recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

(Reg'd)

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



But I insist on PALMOLIVE for my Schoolgirl Complexion

THE very *idea* of offering her anything but Palmolive! There's no substitute for that velvety olive-oil lather — to preserve the loveliness of that delicate baby skin — to ensure that she grows up "Schoolgirl Complexion all over."

PALMOLIVE

4d. *Including Tax*

A Natural Corrective

Lixen—the palatable, easy-to-take laxative has a gentle, natural action which is at once effective and without painful after-effects. It is prepared from senna pods by a special process which renders its mild, aperient action equally pleasant for old or young.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bott., 2/3, 3/11
LIXEN LOZENGES fruit flavoured in bottles, 1/8.
Purchase Tax included.
Made in England by
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

LIXEN Laxative

L/5287

NOTICE regarding **VITA GLUCOSE** usually supplied to the public to give extra ENERGY, to offset nausea, etc.; is RESERVED during scarcity for Diabetics in Hypoglycæmia and urgent medical cases.

You can however obtain

Simpkins (of Sheffield)

Glucose BARLEY SUGAR

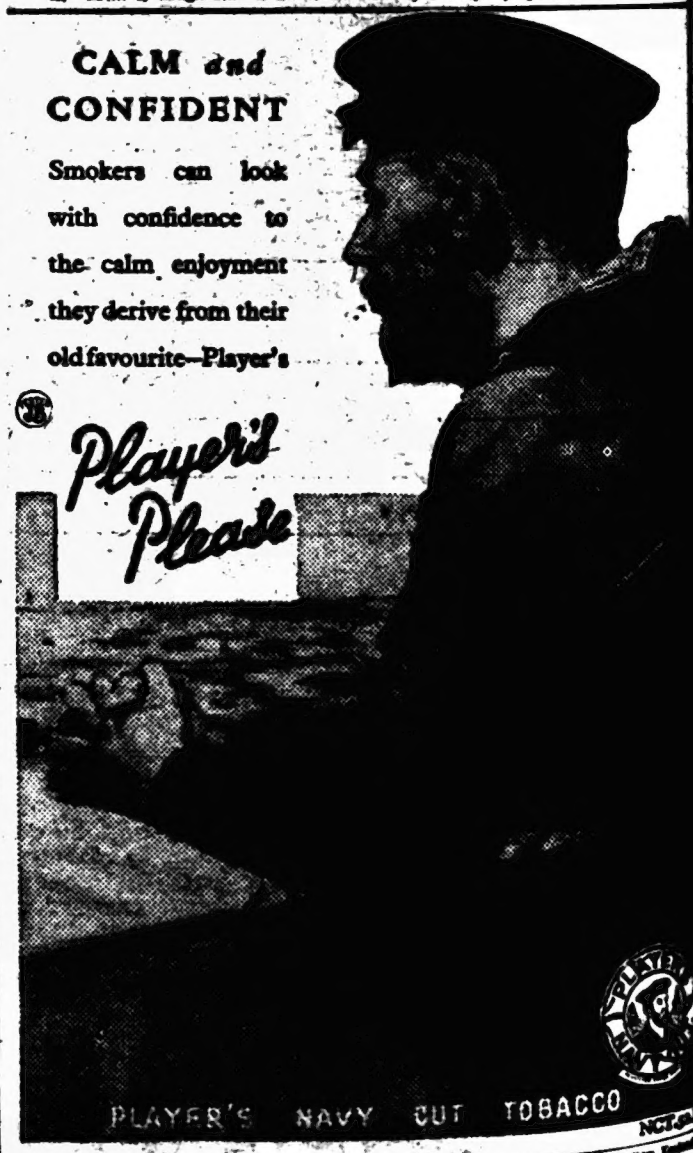
on points in Eastern Zone

and MEDICATIONS

including T.C.L., Compound of Thymol, Iodised Sore Throat and Friars Balsam Tablets. Generally available. 45% allocated to pre-war purchaser chemists.

CALM and CONFIDENT

Smokers can look with confidence to the calm enjoyment they derive from their old favourite—Player's



Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

JOHN BULL, week ending

JO

VOL. LXXVI 1994

Ch

A

Chocolate h
of the mill
every half-
are being d
Southern
please remo
this extra n

CADB